JAPAN'S *RASHOMON* ELECTION **ELIZABETH POND**

THE
NATION

JUNE 25, 1977 *60 cents*

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IMAGE IS SUBSTANCE IS IMAGE

Reflections on Carter's Smile

Alan Wolfe

NOAM CHOMSKY
EDWARD S. HERMAN

Reporting on Cambodia
Distortions at Fourth Hand

A JUNKIE VIEW OF THE DOPE

Edward Bun

NEPAL: DESPOTISM IN TRANQUII

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LETTERS

banana republic?

Washington, D.C.

Congratulations on "Fort McNair: Grad School for Juntas" [*The Nation*, May 21] by Jeffrey Stein. It is interesting that we are training Latin America's highest ranking military officers in political and economic planning. We have a similar conflict-of-interest problem right here in Washington. There are now about eighty members of Congress holding military officer commissions while voting on defense budgets, military pay and pensions. About seventeen members of Congress are "double-dippers" who receive . . . military retirement pay, from the Pentagon. . . .

This situation is bad enough for a "banana republic"; it's ridiculous, if not dangerous, for a free world democracy. It's time we woke up to the perils of a militarized legislature. It's also time we enforced the United States Constitution (separation-of-powers doctrine). We have too many Senator-Generals and Congressmen-Colonels in today's Congress.

Sid Taylor, Research Director
National Taxpayers Union

logic and sexism

Portland, Ore.

Your article, "A Long Way to Go, Baby" [*The Nation*, Apr. 16] reflects the aura of immoderation that characterizes all early social movements. Historically, such immoderation eventually dissipates as the social movement is assimilated into social reality. Such will be the case of the strained concept of "sexism. . . ."

While I appreciate the importance of sexual equality, I must be critical of some of the poorly contrived methods being used to attain it. The use of value-loaded terminology does not accelerate the assimilation of a social movement as rapidly as does logical argument.

Paul S. Hooson

bias and balance

North Hollywood, Calif.

In "Litmus Test for Griffin Bell" [*The Nation*, June 4], Stephen Gillers seems to conclude that every normal child has a right to attend a multiracial school. Why? He quotes Chief Justice Warren in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*: "To separate them from others of similar age and qualifications solely because of their race generates a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone." Mr. Gillers . . . says that the reasons for the Court's "conclusion flow from the *effects* of separate treatment whatever the cause."

There is nothing in the Court's opinion, however, to the effect that going to an all-black school so affects the pupils "whatever the cause." There are two requisites, being assigned to an all-black school and being so assigned because of race. The segregation statutes said to the black child: "You may not attend a Caucasian school because you are not fit to associate with Caucasian children."

If, on the other hand, the pupil attends a predominately black school because that is the racial makeup of the attendance area of that school, where is there any implication of racial inferiority? He attends that school not because of his race but because the school is within walking distance of his home. Mr. Gillers may say that the fact that the attendance area is predominately black is, in itself, a racial slur, implying that many Caucasians refuse to live next to or near black families. If that be so, assigning the pupil to a distant school will not only not alleviate the slur but will actually emphasize it.

The Court said that a pupil should not be assigned to a school on the basis of race, but that is exactly what is being done when a pupil is assigned to a distant school to attain racial balance.

Edward H. Gaylord

EDITORIALS

The CIA's Apprentices

The rustling behind the curtain of the American "intelligence community" suggests that an intense bureaucratic struggle is going on back there for control of the $6 billion monster. Admiral Stansfield Turner, the new Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, has begun a fight to put the whole works under his thumb. It would mean, if he won the engagement, that Turner would rule even the enormous roost called the Defense Intelligence Agency whose spies in the skies and on the ground and under the seas are said to be able to listen to every word spoken on this planet. There is predictable resistance to this attempted grab, of course, on the ground that there is safety in numbers (of spy outfits) and that the horrendous mistakes of one can be corrected by the countervailing errors of another.

Bureaucratic power struggles often have their strongly comic aspects, as the participants hand-wrestle each other in ways that sometimes lack dignity, but this one is no joke. Something like the national sanity is at stake, not to say what the founders called "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind." The CIA has proven itself a dangerously irresponsible organization, and the idea that our government's knowledge of the world and its various dangers should come entirely from this one body is unthinkable, even as it is solemnly considered.

Admiral Turner has made his reach for intelligence power at a peculiarly inauspicious time. Lately there has been a veritable shower of light (and dirt) on the agency. Even the clumsy Russians know how to exploit its worldwide disrepute. President Carter was forced, at his June 13th press conference, to deny, after he had "inquired deeply within the State Department and within the CIA," that the Soviet dissident Anatoly Shcharansky, arrested for treason, had ever "to our knowledge" had any connection with the CIA.

The phrase "to our knowledge" tells it all. The evident and abundantly proven truth is that Presidents have as often been ignorant of the dark operational side of the CIA as they have been aware of it. Sometimes their ignorance has been deliberate, in the interest of that magisterial form of lying known as "deniability"—"get rid of X but don't tell me how." At other times the CIA has decided on its own to do its deeds without the knowledge of the President. The word for that is "rogue," meaning that the agency is stampeding out of control. We are now supposed to believe that the rampant elephant of intelligence is back in harness, obedient to supervisory boards and to the "oversight" of more vigilant Congressional committees. It would be wise not to take that tranquilizing assertion on faith.

In three areas of the world—Cuba, Chile and Korea—the harmful effects of the CIA's work have lately been exposed, and we propose to examine the facts of these operations along with their domestic consequences. First:

The Cuban Connection

It has never been a secret that the national policy of the United States has been implacably hostile to the Cuba

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of Fidel Castro. That attitude has reigned in Washington at least since the successful Cuban revolutionary made his first visit to this country in 1959 and spent two hours talking to Eisenhower's Vice President, Richard M. Nixon (who then recommended to his chief a policy of all-out opposition to Castro). What has not been so evident is the obsessive nature of that hostility and the extraordinary means this country has employed to "get rid of" Castro. The Cuban leader now tells people that he was always a Communist, even before he led his little band up into the Sierra Maestra. It seems more likely that, in the beginning, he was another kind of radical or Marxist and that he now claims this original virtue because of the way he has since been forced to go—specifically because of his million-dollar-a-day dependence on the Soviet Union for everything that the American trade embargo has denied his island state.

All of this, and much more, was pulled together in a remarkable television documentary, *The CIA's Secret Army*, broadcast by *CBS News* on June 10. Much of the information in this program, with Bill Moyers as the correspondent, was known to students of the quite awful story, but television concentrated and focused its impact. The broadcast was notable for the strong conclusions it forced upon the viewer.

The main judgment from it must be that the effort to topple Castro (and replace him with what?) left this country with a secret army of embittered Cuban exiles, organized and trained by the CIA, and now looking for ways to practice the terrorism it had taught them. In the new climate that President Carter is sensibly trying to create with Cuba, one that seems to be leading toward normal relations, these angry and violent men will become even more extreme in their attitudes and actions, and their targets will change. They will turn inward toward the country that has been their frustrating refuge. At the same time, the whole hemisphere will become the ground for their violent games and it will be almost impossible to check them in their mad, anti-Communist career.

For this terrible effect of those years of "get Castro" we have mainly the Kennedys, John and Robert, to thank. Moyers builds a compelling case for the conclusion that the real CIA war against Castro began *after and as a result of* the failure of the Bay of Pigs. President Kennedy lacked the courage to cancel that operation (having inherited this half-grown aberration from Eisenhower) or to carry it out with full vigor, to use one of his favorite words.

Castro believed, and with good reason, as the Moyers broadcast documents, that Kennedy was determined to bring him down by whatever dreadful means, including the use of gangsters and every refinement of the assassin's art. Hence the installation of the Russian missiles—to protect Cuba against the invasion that to Castro seemed inevitable. That famous "finest hour" widely attributed to Kennedy's facing down of Khrushchev over the removal of the missiles (and poising the world on the nuclear brink) was thus the result of Kennedy's own bungled attempts, through the CIA, to eliminate Fidel Castro.

Naturally, Kennedy kept a certain distance from the

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The Nation is published weekly (except for first week in January, and bi-weekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1977 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year, $21.00; two years, $37.00. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 224
No. 25

The Sherrod Library
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Johnson City, Tennessee

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grubby business of assassination. He had no need to know about zonking cigars or debarbing foot powders. But there can be no doubt that he well knew what was going on beneath the surface of "deniability." In the chilling words of Richard Bissell, the CIA operative in charge of the Bay of Pigs adventure, "a President typically says he wants to get rid of somebody." *Typically.* That can only mean that the murderous Presidential order became a matter of routine.

In all this the CIA was the arm of the President. Its "station" in Miami, with some 2,000 agents, became the largest in the world. It trained squads and whole platoons of Cubans in the latest techniques of killing and sabotage; it filled them with the hope of a triumphant return to their island home 90 miles offshore. Where can they go from here?

The Killing of Orlando Letelier

The assassins we have trained and Americanized can go as guns for hire into the streets even of Washington. And they do.

In a speech on November 16, 1961, John F. Kennedy told us that "We cannot, as a free nation, compete with our adversaries in tactics of terror [and] assassination. . . ." At that very time he approved the CIA's Operation Mongoose, an elaborate program of harassment and counterrevolutionary operations in Cuba which included, in Moyers's words, "assassination as a weapon of foreign policy." Under his direction, this country was trying to compete with our "adversaries," using all those tactics Kennedy pretended to disclaim.

On September 21, 1976, Orlando Letelier and Ronni Karpen Moffitt, a colleague of his, died when a bomb attached to their car was exploded as they drove along Washington's Embassy Row. Letelier had been a Cabinet Minister and Ambassador to this country in the government of Salvador Allende of Chile, which was overthrown by a military coup organized with the help of the CIA. Nine months later the killers have not been officially identified and therefore no prosecution has started.

It has been widely reported that Cuban-exile terrorists in the employ of the Chilean junta's secret police, the DINA, did this job. Members of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, where Letelier and Mrs. Moffitt worked, have made a strong case that the assassination was ordered personally by General Pinochet and executed by his agents. There is little doubt that the actual bombers were hired from within the terrorist community created by the CIA in Miami. Various reports indicate that "national security" considerations are hampering the work of the grand jury that has the Letelier-Moffitt murder before it. Two months ago *The Washington Post* reported that Attorney General Bell was concerned about the slow pace of the investigation which, the paper said, is being held up by "unusually sensitive intelligence considerations" abroad.

Translated, that means that the CIA is dragging its feet in an attempt to prevent the "compromising" of some of its agents abroad, or, alternatively, that the Chileans are in a position to mine the rich vein of blackmail that the CIA's operations in that country have provided them. In either case, it is outrageous behavior and works against any serious concept of the "national security."

In addition, the CIA has "leaked" distorted bits of information from the contents of the briefcase Letelier had with him when he was blown up. Sufficiently twisted, they can be made to give the false impression that Letelier was on Castro's payroll. The fact is that this Chilean patriot and democrat received a small amount of money for his anti-dictatorship work from a daughter of the slain Allende, who is married to a Cuban and lives in Havana, where she received contributions from enemies of the junta around the world.

As treasurer of the Chilean movement against the Pinochet regime, it was her duty to send funds to Letelier, among others. After the murder or imprisonment of numbers of democratic and Socialist Chileans, Letelier became the recognized leader of resistance to the dictatorship. The briefcase leaks by the CIA have been used by reactionaries in the United States to try to make it seem that anti-Castro Cubans needed no encouragement from Santiago to kill Letelier. The anti-Castro feeling was motive enough, they argue, nonsensically. That neatly serves the purposes of the right wing within and outside the CIA.

And so the evidence is overwhelming that the CIA is obstructing justice in the Letelier-Moffitt case in the most dubious interest of the "national security," as the agency itself dares to define it. There is only one official of our government who can stop this obstruction—the President of the United States. He has every reason to bring the CIA to heel, for reasons of simple justice and also to let the Cuban terrorists know that no presumed national interest will stand in the way of punishing their murderous activities.

The Korean Connection

One of the worst legacies of the unchecked CIA is a phenomenon that could be called interpenetration. That is, our agents operate in "friendly" nations, like Chile, Iran and Korea, and the quid pro quo is that their intelligence services can freely go about their dirty business here. It is notorious that the Shah of Iran's SAVAK (formed with the help of the CIA) keeps a tight rein on Iranians in the United States, openly persecuting students from Iran who get out of line, while our police look the other way.

It is bad enough that foreign nationals on our shores should be subject to this brutal control from abroad and, of course, it is deeply insulting to the idea of national sovereignty. But it is much worse, we must think, if these foreign intelligence operations work to corrupt our government in their own interests. That is what Korea's KCIA has done, imitating with great skill the methods of its creator, our own CIA.

This humiliating scandal is still in the early stages of development, but already it is known that the KCIA has conducted one of the great bribe operations of our history. It concentrated on Congress, fearing that that body might curb the flow of dollars and arms to the dictatorship of South Korea. It is not known just how many of our lawmakers were on the take from the Koreans, selling the national interest for envelopes stuffed with cash, but their number has been put in the dozens.

Prosecution of these venal legislators is clearly a deli-

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cate matter and Congress has as many weapons of defense as a hedgehog has quills. The Department of Justice is conducting its investigation of this affair with stately deliberation, and that is understandable, if not forgivable—Congress has the power to frustrate the aims of the executive branch. Eventually, the legislature will not get a clean bill of health, but the chances are that it will be only slightly spotted.

The fact is that the CIA knew all along that the Koreans were busily corrupting Congress—and said nothing about it. It kept mum because "national security," in the CIA's view, required that we maintain our troops in Korea and lavishly support the Park dictatorship. If that anti-Communist objective required a little free-hand bribery of key Congressmen, so what? It was all for the good of the cause. On June 7, *The New York Times* reported that the KCIA's "scheme to provide members of Congress with gifts and cash to influence American policy toward South Korea" was known "almost from the beginning" to the CIA and to "senior officials" of the Nixon and Ford administrations and of the FBI, State and Defense, IRS and even the Department of Agriculture.

It may be self-centered of us as a nation to be more concerned about *their* corruption of us than about *our* corruption of them. National pride enters here. But is it really worse? Beyond that, is it not inevitable that corruption for the sake of national security should be a two-way street?

Our "intelligence" operations abroad have produced a community of assassins in Miami, a political murder within earshot of the White House, and the wholesale purchase of Congressional good will by a small ally. We are only beginning to know the evils that three decades of uninhibited CIA anti-Communist work abroad have brought upon us. The vultures are still circling the roost.

A Cheaper Ford

Would this republic be better off if its former Presidents retired into the virtuous obscurity of Cincinnatus behind his plow? And if this ancient Roman model is the right one, how could the citizens of the United States compel its adoption?

These ruminations are suggested by an article in the July-August issue of a journal called *free enterprise*, which in modest lower-case letters describes itself as "the magazine that makes you money." The article, titled "Our 38th President Is for Sale," is about Gerald R. Ford; its author is J.F. terHorst, the newspaperman who became Ford's press secretary, and then a split second later quit in disgust at the pardon granted by Ford to Richard M. Nixon.

TerHorst never quite adds up the columns of *gelt* that this accidental/incidental President has contracted for since he left the White House, but the figures are well up into seven numbers for what he calls "the greening of Jerry Ford." He estimates that the Ford family will rake in a solid $3 million in the next little bit from book, broadcasting and consultancy contracts, plus a little hustling by the younger Fords in fields where their notoriety is more highly valued than their professional skills. And this is the cream on top of a pension of $66,000 a year for his two-plus years as President, and the $30,500 a year the Treasury will pay him for his twenty-eight routine years in the House of Representatives.

"All this huckstering and hustling and merchandising of the Presidency," terHorst concludes, "with Ford's eager assent, robs the office of something fine and decent." He contrasts the Ford hustle with the behavior of Harry S Truman who left office in the days when Presidents got no pensions (they began in 1958). Truman wrote commercially successful memoirs but turned down other forms of exploitation because he knew that the would-be exploiters were after not himself, "the person," but the spinoff of the high office he had held (accidentally but not incidentally).

As Truman later told his daughter Margaret, "I could never lend myself to any transaction, however respectable, that would commercialize on the prestige and dignity of the office of the Presidency." And the Missouri farmer-haberdasher-politico who went to the White House in fact did not make that profitable loan of his official self.

Gerald Ford has never pretended to have a discriminating moral sense. His commonness is one reason for his considerable popularity; he had no airs and therefore the graces were not missed. The "decency" for which he was much praised stood out against the magisterial pose of his predecessor after that was revealed as crooked sham.

Now Ford has put his decency up for sale and the going price seems to be a bit higher than the marketable value of Nixon's indecency, which itself is worth a not-so-pretty penny. (The secret and public life of Henry Kissinger, as serially revealed, may tot up to more than the combined confessions of his two superiors—in office if not in "intellect," as he himself would be apt to put it.)

What can or should be done about this vulgarization of the Presidency? A sophisticated argument can be made that it is better to have retired Chief Magistrates join the ranks of other celebrities (movie stars, pop musicians, Mafia capos, and others of the super-rich) than to be banished to some glamorous mountaintop from which they might be tempted to descend on us.

The founders of this nation had the problem on their minds as they worried about the regal temptations of the Chief Magistracy. They wondered how that high office could somehow be denatured. And so they arranged for the circumscription of its powers and mystique (though they would never have used that word), but they had no way of imagining the glamour that would be attached to the Presidency when the wild land they set out to rule became "the world's greatest power" and the trammels on its chief officer inevitably weakened.

And so, according to this argument, it may be just as well that former Presidents become in their retirement just like other prominent executives, only richer. The easy money cheapens them, reducing their stature as it increases their wealth. Gerald Ford, the political performer, will never be as rich as Bob Hope, the entertainer pure and simple. But he is making a good try at it and the consequent vulgarizing of the nation's highest office, unpleasant though it is, has a certain republican representative quality.

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KILLING TIME ON DEATH ROW

PETER CARLSON

On March 27, cancer finally did what the Commonwealth of Massachusetts had tried to do for more than ten years. It killed John J. Kerrigan.

John Kerrigan spent more time on Death Row than anyone in the history of Massachusetts. In 1961, he was convicted of killing a policeman in a burglary attempt; for the next ten years and one month, he sat on Death Row in Walpole Prison, waiting for the Commonwealth to electrocute him. During that time, the two main witnesses against him changed their testimony and his lawyer twice took the long legal journey to the U.S. Supreme Court to ask for a new trial. Twice, the Justices turned him down. During those years, Kerrigan got nine stays of execution—two on the last possible day—as the Commonwealth scheduled, postponed and rescheduled his death as if it were a dull dinner date.

Unlike Gary Gilmore, who admitted guilt and demanded to die, Kerrigan always said he was innocent and fought like hell to live. Today, after Gilmore has revived the custom of killing the convicted, state legislatures are coldly and carefully squeezing their laws to fit between the lines of the Supreme Court's capital punishment decision. Tomorrow, there will be more cases like Kerrigan's, where a man sits on the sidelines while lawyers argue and fight with writs and briefs over his life or death.

But John Kerrigan was more than a symbol of a horrible institution. He was a human being. I know that because I sat outside his cell on a couple of nights a few years ago, drinking his coffee and talking with him. It was 1973 and he was off Death Row, living in a maximum security cell block. After ten years of solitude on The Row, that was almost freedom.

The Walpole guards had gone on strike that night. Replacing them were some State Troopers and a handful of guards imported from other prisons. A prison reform group had recruited volunteers to act as observers during the strike. I volunteered, although I was scared half to death.

The fear was unnecessary. The prisoners, who wanted to tell the world that they didn't need guards, were on their best behavior. A lot of them clowned around for their wide-eyed visitors and entertained them with gory tales of prison violence. Albert DiSalvo, convicted as the Boston Strangler, made witty comments about how nice each observer's neck was.

Kerrigan was different; he didn't go courting observers to talk about his case, but sat in his cell reading. At eleven, the cell doors slammed shut for the night. About five minutes before that, Kerrigan put his chair outside the cell for me. Then he scooped instant coffee, sugar and Preem into a plastic cup and poured hot tap water over them. "You better let it cool down," he said as he slipped it through the bars. "It's too hot now."

At 53, tall, thin, almost frail, with white hair combed straight back and black glasses over the pale parchment of his face, Kerrigan looked like a tired grandfather. He spoke in a quiet, cheerful monotone. "No, I really don't get bored. In fact, you know, there really isn't enough time in the day to do everything I want to. I read the law books for rulings that I think can be applied to my case. When I find something, I mark the spot and when I get a bunch of them, I write a letter to my lawyer. He doesn't have enough time to do all the research by himself."

Kerrigan certainly had plenty of time. He had the rest of his life to search those books, unless he found something in them that could get him out. The books were piled 3 feet high in his cell. Next to them were cartons filled with 4,000 form letters and envelopes. Kerrigan wanted to send out a mailing asking people to lobby for a bill that would allow parole for lifers.

"I think the bill's going to pass. People's attitudes are changing. It's only a matter of time," he said. "I don't know what I'm going to do when I get out. I might go to California. I have an offer to go there." Note that phrase: "when I get out." I met Kerrigan again a few nights later and he remained absolutely convinced that he would walk the streets again. Soft-spoken, patient and confident of salvation, he reminded me of a monk. Of course, he had lived a monk's life for ten years on Death Row: sitting alone in a dank cell, celibate, with only faith and hope to propel him, poring over the books he believed would save him.

He was as mellow as a monk, too, which surprised me. Once, I spent eleven days in jail awaiting trial for possessing pot, and the rage threatened to blast my head off. But I suppose that a man sitting on Death Row must stifle his rage or go insane. He has to kill the half of himself that rages and then deliver to the executioner only half a man, the mellow half, the monk half.

Meeting Kerrigan sparked my curiosity and I went through the newspaper files on his case. The clippings told the story of Kerrigan's dead half, the raging half that came out of a tough Boston neighborhood and learned early to point guns at people and take their money. His arrest record dates back to the 1930s. In 1946, he was convicted of armed robbery of a drugstore and sentenced to eighteen years. Three times—in 1949, 1950 and 1953—he tried to escape. Each time he was caught and punished. Apparently, he had not yet stifled his rage.

Somehow he won parole. On Labor Day, 1960, he was free, employed as a longshoreman and living in Boston with his sister. On that day, a Cambridge policeman surprised two men burglarizing a restaurant. One of the men shot the cop, who fell dying and then fired back, hitting Edgar Cook. Cook limped a few blocks and then dropped. The other man escaped.

The next spring, while awaiting trial, Cook killed a prison guard and escaped. He was harbored for a couple of days by John Kerrigan, who then brought him to the apartment of a parolee named John Fratus. Kerrigan left and then Fratus, looking for the $5,000 reward, called the cops. When they arrived, Cook shot himself to death. Later, Kerrigan was charged with harboring Cook and

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Peter Carlson says he is "pretending that my unemployment benefits are a Guggenheim grant to a free-lance writer." His work has appeared in Newsweek, The Boston Globe, The Real Paper, *the* Boston Phoenix *and others.*

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also with the restaurant burglary and the murder of the cop. He pleaded innocent.

At the trial, the prosecution's key witness was Fratus, who testified that he overheard Cook and Kerrigan talking about shooting the cop. That was the only evidence linking Kerrigan to the scene on the day in question. The sole eyewitness, an elderly cleaning woman, who was pushed aside by the fleeing burglars, was never asked if Kerrigan was one of the men.

In defense, Kerrigan testified that he was feeding his sister's baby at the time of the dawn murder. A family friend claimed that she saw him doing it. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty and did not recommend clemency, which made the death penalty mandatory. Kerrigan went to Death Row and the cycle of scheduling and postponing his death began.

Five years later, he got a break. The eyewitness swore in an affidavit that both men who ran past her were bigger and broader than Kerrigan. Then Fratus swore that he had lied about Kerrigan in return for a continuation of parole and enough money to pay off the loan sharks who were threatening him.

With those two witnesses in his corner, Kerrigan petitioned for a new trial. It was turned down. "Despite these developments," the *Boston Herald* editorialized, "a new trial has not been granted and Kerrigan is scheduled to die in the electric chair in three weeks. How can this happen?"

It didn't happen. Kerrigan got another stay of execution. And as the years passed he continued to appeal, while judges and governors continued to grant stays. During one of those stays, an ulcer flared up in Kerrigan's stomach. The Commonwealth permitted an operation, thereby saving the life of the man they wanted to kill.

Kerrigan was still under a death sentence and still hoping for a new trial when the Supreme Court outlawed capital punishment in 1972. That made him a lifer. Back in the general prison population, he delivered the inmates' mail and made a reputation for himself as a jail-house lawyer. That reputation, along with his soft-spoken optimism, helped to elect him president of the National Prisoners Reform Association.

So it all ended happily, right? Our liberal legal system allowed an habitual crook convicted of cop killing to live and appeal for more than ten years. Maybe so. But this case with so many doubts came awfully close to ending in electrocution. If only one judge, or one governor or one Executive Council had refused to issue a stay, then John Kerrigan might have kept his appointment with the executioner.

Now that state murder is back in fashion, we can look forward to more ordeals like Kerrigan's. And who can guarantee that the next Kerrigan will get the stays? Who can guarantee that witnesses will come forward in time for newspapers to editorialize for justice? Who can guarantee that a man will not be executed before we learn that he might have been innocent?

But John Kerrigan will not be around to see those questions answered. Cancer killed him along with his belief that someday he would be free to walk the streets again. Knowing that, all the good citizens who clamor for capital punishment will undoubtedly rest a bit easier in their beds. □

JAPAN'S COMING ELECTION

THE RASHOMON SCENARIOS

ELIZABETH POND

Japan's political crisis could have come straight from the movie *Rashomon*. Everyone has his own fixed view, and the versions are mutually contradictory. Variously, depending on the eye of the beholder, the Japanese political crisis: (*a*) is past, and served to flush out the system; (*b*) is not only not present but was always a figment of the imagination, and (*c*) is coming in the near future, and will be the more risky for being unacknowledged. These are the positions, respectively and roughly, of the Americans, the Japanese Establishment and the Japanese critics. Which version is nearest right may well determine the fate of the aristocratic meritocracy that has ruled Japan for the past three decades, and even the stability of Japan itself. For a nation that is supposed to have a consensus polity, these weeks of early summer are a curiously unsettled time, what with the post-Lockheed scandal and the pre-upper House elections that are coming next month.

According to the American view—insofar as Americans have a view of their taken-for-granted Asian ally—Japan's Lockheed bribery case was a mini-Watergate scandal, with much the same urgency, consequences and moral lessons. As Watergate deposed President Richard Nixon and eventually the Republican Party, so Tokyo's Lockheed affair dethroned former Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka and the old-boy politics of Japan's perpetually ruling Liberal Democratic Party (LDP), a classical Tory party, despite its name. After ten months of wallowing in Lockheed, Japanese voters gave the LDP a stinging rebuke in last December's general election. This began the needed reform of an archaic Tory leadership and ended the Lockheed-induced crisis of public confidence in Japanese democracy.

In this version the buildup to a cleansing denouement

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started with alleged under-the-table honorariums, totaling $12.6 million over twenty years, distributed by Lockheed Aircraft Corporation to various Japanese politicians and businessmen. The campaign of graft paid off in late 1972, during Tanaka's tenure, when All Nippon Airways canceled an outstanding option on McDonnell Douglas DC10s and placed orders instead for $300 million worth of Lockheed TriStars.

There matters rested until U.S. Senate inquiries into multinational corporation slush funds a year ago turned up public testimony from Lockheed executives about the Japanese connection. By then the feisty Tanaka was no longer Prime Minister, having resigned after a Japanese magazine accused him of earlier financial improprieties. Providentially, Japan's new stopgap Prime Minister, Takeo Miki, was a maverick politician nicknamed "Mr. Clean" who pursued the case vigorously even though he was from Tanaka's own LDP. He did so in a lush Kabuki melodrama enlivened by such events as the kamikaze crashing of a plane by a disgruntled porno actor into the house of one Yoshio Kodama, a shadowy ultranationalist Terry-and-the-Pirates character who had suddenly fallen ill and bedridden when he came under police investigation.

Kodama, one of the more colorful figures in Japanese politics, was Lockheed's secret agent in Japan, and a man to be reckoned with. Back in the 1940s, undeterred by his imprisonment during the American occupation as a suspected war criminal, Kodama became a political kingmaker by funding the new postwar conservative party with diamonds and platinum he had mysteriously procured during World War II in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, Shanghai and Vietnam. Unlike colleagues who went respectable in the new Japan, Kodama never made the switch from clandestine wartime cabal to postwar noblesse oblige. He stayed always in the background, maintaining ties both with successive LDP Prime Ministers and with the feudal right-wing gangsters whose strong-arm services would periodically be called upon to aid LDP leaders or business executives. Over the decades, with the enormous growth and diffusion of industrial and political power, Kodama lost his power to name Prime Ministers. But he could still deliver jetliner contracts.

Kodama was eventually indicted, and is now being tried in the Lockheed case, to the astonishment of a public inured to whitewashes of "black mist" bribery in high places. Even more incredibly, former Prime Minister Tanaka was arrested, spent almost three weeks in jail, and was charged with accepting $1.6 million in Lockheed bribes. Prime Minister Miki not only let all this happen but seemed to revel in it—and in the sixteen further indictments of Tanaka's Transport Minister and Deputy Transport Minister, three additional Diet members, nine top Marubeni trading company and All Nippon Airways executives, and other figures from Japan's leadership elite.

In the American version the climax to all this came at last December's general election, when indignant voters repudiated the corruption-ridden LDP, shaving its perennial majority in the Diet to unprecedented thinness. Tanaka and Miki were both rebuffed, and a new face, Takeo Fukuda, has become president of the LDP and hence Prime Minister of Japan. A long overdue reform of the LDP has begun, and this time maybe even the Kodamas will be exorcised from the system.

Well, yes and no. The facts are approximately the same, but the interpretation is very different in the second *Rashomon* version, as perceived by the entire LDP hierarchy apart from retired Prime Minister Miki.

The difference begins with Japan's interlocking political, economic and bureaucratic leadership, and with the mutual help that members of this class are obligated to render one another in a hallowed protocol of gift giving and receiving. According to this view businessmen have financed LDP politicians since the beginning—and the collaboration has brilliantly raised a nation with no natural resources from postwar ashes to the third largest economy in the world, a European standard of living, and a preserved social cohesion that is the envy of America. Certainly some industrialists have cashed in private IOUs along the way. But basically they have bankrolled the LDP not to gain selfish profit but to insure a healthy economy for all. And basically LDP faction leaders have lavished their received money on elections not to bribe voters, but to demonstrate their power and thus leadership capacity to the decision-making political oligarchy. That, at least, is the contention of the LDP—and enough Japanese voters have agreed with it to keep the Tories in office for thirty years. It has been a cozy politics of deference, reminiscent of nothing so much as 18th- and 19th-century Britain.

In this context Tanaka's sin was not that he accepted business money but that he was so prodigal about it—and let accomplices leave American-style receipts behind, instead of trusting to vague oral understandings.

Tanaka's excesses, in the view of the LDP old guard, stemmed from his parvenu lack of restraint. He is a self-made millionaire with only a trade-school education, who had made it to the top by extravagant spending and shrewd political timing—not by the proper Tokyo University degree and Finance Ministry service. To the traditional leadership aristocracy, Tanaka was a usurper who by intraparty maneuverings had snatched the Prime Minister's post in 1972 from the impeccably credentialed Crown Prince Fukuda.

Still, the old guard's distaste for Tanaka and his indiscretions did not extend to abandoning the samurai code of personal loyalty. All the LDP leaders took it for granted that a former Prime Minister would be protected from embarrassment. All, that is, except Prime Minister Miki. That very different kind of outsider was an American-educated veteran politician who had been a Diet member since the 1930s. For years he had preached the need to save Japan's democracy by cleaning up its politics —and in the name of this quixotic crusade he flouted group solidarity.

Orthodox LDP politicians and business magnates were more scandalized by this behavior than by the Lockheed affair itself. They saw betrayal in Miki's public airing of LDP dirty linen, his open dallying with opposition parties, and his neglect of urgent economic legislation in his obsession with Lockheed.

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Gradually, however, the traditional elite decided that it would not be mortally wounded by Miki's stubborn pursuit of bribe takers—and that the outcome might even be deemed discipline of interlopers who had overreached themselves. After all, the principals in the case, besides Tanaka, consisted of Tanaka's main political financier, Kenji Osano, an aggressive real estate speculator outside the industrial mainstream; the Marubeni Corporation, an upstart trading company outside the venerable zaibatsu conglomerates; and All Nippon Airways, a poor understudy to the flag carrier Japan Airlines. In a commonly used simile, the Establishment could cut these fringe members off from itself in the same way that a trapped lizard saves itself by severing its tail—a nonvital and replaceable appendage. Thus Tanaka, who had recently been angling for a comeback as Prime Minister, could be blocked in his quest. Marubeni and All Nippon Airways could be reprimanded without impugning the reputation or leadership of the big trusts. Fukuda could finally become Prime Minister as he rightfully should have four years earlier. The public would forget about Lockheed, and everything would return to normal.

At first, the crusty Miki balked at surrendering his post to Fukuda. He cited public opinion polls rating his own popularity at 35 percent—unusually high support for any LDP Prime Minister in office long enough to be blamed for Japan's abundant urban ills—and he argued that the voters would vindicate him at the general election into which he insisted on leading the party.

Scorning Miki's grandstanding, Fukuda, Tanaka, and the two other main LDP faction leaders calculated that the electorate would vote not on some remote scandal in Tokyo but on all the usual parochial issues and loyalties. And they were right. Tanaka's home district in Niigata Prefecture—clearly agreeing with the protest of Tanaka's mother that her son was being persecuted because he didn't have a fancy Tokyo University diploma—returned the indicted candidate to the Diet with a resounding 168,000 votes. All but one of the Lockheed-linked Diet members were re-elected.

The final tally dropped LDP seats from 271 (out of the old 491-member lower House) to 260 (out of an expanded 511). The loss was sharp enough to force Miki to resign as party leader, but mild enough to maintain the LDP majority in this key House of Representatives. Voter sentiment was seen as still conservative in that it strengthened moderate opposition parties at the expense of the more aggressive Communist Party and Buddhist Sokagakkai-backed Komei Party. Indeed, the electorate could even be considered to have increased the Tory seats, if the now nonparty Tanaka and the eighteen members of the recent LDP breakaway, the New Liberal Club, were added to the formal LDP list.

In this version the outcome is that the 71-year-old Fukuda has at last been installed in his predestined place as Prime Minister—not as a new face but as the epitome of the old politics. The eccentric Miki has been sidelined. Everything is back to the comfortable status quo pre-Lockheed, pre-Miki, and even pre-Tanaka. Tanaka's trial is proceeding, at the quaint pace of one hearing a month, but it would be hard to find any Japanese who now expects a conviction. The striking thing is not some sense of crisis within the LDP but exactly its opposite—an I'm-all-right-Jack complacency.

At this point LDP leaders would not be surprised if the July upper House election deprived them of a Tory majority in a Diet chamber for the first time (with one temporary exception) since World War II. Nor would they be surprised if Fukuda had to resign as Prime Minister within a year under the pressure of some new scandal involving clandestine South Korean or Indonesian financing of LDP politicians on a scale dwarfing the Lockheed sums.

But the hierarchy is reassured because it sees no alternative to LDP rule in Japan's one-and-a-half party system. The largest opposition party, the Socialists (124 seats in the lower House), is plagued by inept leadership and disarray. The peculiarly Western urban grass-roots parties of Komeito (fifty-six seats) and the Communists (nineteen seats, down from thirty-nine seats in the previous House of Representatives on the same electoral base) appear to have peaked. All the opposition parties have shown themselves incapable of ending their quarrels long enough to form any coalition. The LDP, on the other hand, has amply demonstrated that it is the one party capable of rejuvenating itself, attracting energetic new blood, and co-opting ideas with deliberate speed—in short, the only party capable of governing Japan. So however discontented voters may be with the LDP, they won't desert it—and can safely be ignored.

One final *Rashomon* version of Japanese politics, however, senses danger in the very complacency of the LDP and the absence of a credible alternative. A handful of Japanese political critics believes the LDP is blinkered against the long-term trend that has steadily reduced Tory votes from 65.7 percent in 1953 to 54.7 percent in 1963 to 41.8 percent today. They argue that this time the newly reossified LDP may not rejuvenate itself—may not shift its appeal soon enough from the gerrymandered and overrepresented countryside to an increasingly young and now 76 percent urbanized public.

So far this public has not been very articulate. But it has protested against LDP politics by electing opposition governors of Japan's largest cities and, last fall, by forcing out an old-style LDP president of the Japan Broadcasting Corporation with an extraordinarily un-Japanese petition of a million signatures. Moreover, in public opinion polls this new electorate has expressed increasing impatience with all existing parties. Surveys that showed 80 percent of voters affiliating themselves with one or another party a decade ago now show less than 50 percent doing so. Voters thus seem less tolerant of the old politics of deference. They seem less impressed by their own consensual obligations to society—and more resentful of a closed elite system that is becoming even less accessible to them.

Japanese dissenters suggest, therefore, that the Lockheed restoration of political control to the LDP old guard has reinforced public cynicism and made an ultimate political crisis the more inevitable. They believe the LDP will surely lose its upper House majority in the coming election—and will probably lose its lower House

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majority in the next general election a few years hence. And they fear that Japan, long the most stable and dynamic of present-day democracies, will then enter a period of political paralysis, or worse.

With the various witnesses perceiving conflicting scripts in Japanese politics—past crisis surmounted, restoration achieved, or future crisis intensified—it would be comforting to expect some clarification of who really sees the truth in this summer's upper House election. The ambiguity of Japan militates against such resolution, however. In all likelihood the election will—as in *Rashomon*—simply confirm each beholder in his own view. □

IMAGE IS SUBSTANCE IS IMAGE

REFLECTIONS ON CARTER'S SMILE

ALAN WOLFE

Jimmy Carter is a politician. Most politicians care about their "image." Jimmy Carter cares about his. If that was all there were to it, then the recent release (by a disenchanted White House staffer) of Patrick Caddell's December 1976 memo to President-elect Carter would not be particularly newsworthy.

Caddell is a young and ambitious pollster who bypassed the polling establishment the way Carter skirted the barons of the Democratic Party. Recently graduated from Harvard, and with some experience as McGovern's pollster in 1972, Caddell convinced Carter that only a "new" approach could win the Presidency. He promised to show the way. Apparently he performed brilliantly. Then, shortly after the election, Caddell wrote Carter a memo suggesting that politics should not end when government begins. In Caddell's terms, Carter should continue to "campaign" even while President. The sheer cynicism of the document, plus its ruthless opportunism, have caused even experienced reporters to gasp. This is public relations with a vengeance.

But to focus on the question of Carter's image, as many have done, is to miss the forest for the trees. Carter is a President who obviously tends his image the way Bordeaux planters tend their grapes. Similarly, to point out how Caddell's suggestions of December have been "bought" by Carter is again to miss the point. It is true that Caddell came up with dodges of the sort that Carter seems to love: fireside chats, town meetings, direct appeals over Congress to the people, postcard registration, calls for sacrifice. But we already know that Carter follows a tight script, that he rarely deviates from predictable patterns.

The real significance of the Caddell memo lies elsewhere. It lies in the frank recognition by a man close to the President of the United States that a serious crisis of legitimacy exists in America. And with that comes a suggestion about how the crisis should be handled. Caddell's description of the crisis is impressive; his suggestions are close to silly. The memo indicates both how deep the divisions are in America and how irrelevant both the political parties and even the Presidency have become to the process of healing them.

"The country," says Caddell, "is in a crisis. The basic linkage essential to democracy—the idea that the public votes and public policy follows—is threatened. People feel the President can't do much about the problems that face them. Furthermore, the public is no longer psychologically attached to any party or intellectually satisfied by any ideology." Those are hard words. Politicians generally want their advisers to tell them that things are going well, for that is what they want to tell the public. The next time Carter offers words of reassurance that everything is right with America, we can also be assured that at least one of his advisers has been telling him the opposite.

The concrete manifestation of the mood of the country is its pessimism. America and optimism, as Mark Twain emphasized, were synonymous. That may be why the change in the public mood is so worrisome. "Trust in the government and in our institutions remains at an all-time low," Caddell warns, echoing the by-now-famous Trilateral Commission report on democracy, which Carter has also read. Pessimism is particularly visible in two places: energy and the economy. People do not want to believe that there is an energy crisis, and will not heed what their elected officials tell them. Similarly, "the country simply doesn't listen to the government when it speaks about the economy." The crisis of legitimacy suggests that government is no longer working to insure its own acceptance. This means it is not enough that a President should pursue one policy or another; above all, he must work toward "the restoration of trust in government and the creation of a sense among people that government has a plan and a purpose."

The fact that people no longer have faith in their own political institutions has, in Caddell's view, undermined the historical function of political parties. Caddell has read his political science. He knows that there has been "an historic decline of partisanship." Never mincing words, he makes a case that "the parties are literally 'dying.'" Registration is down; party identification is down; voting is down. The most important future constituency —the people of Caddell's own age—"are disenchanted with issues and ideology in American politics." The Democrats are in serious trouble, their constituencies falling apart. The Republicans are even more advanced toward their terminal state: "Their ideology is restrictive; they have few bright lights to offer to the public. . . . The Republican Party seems bent on self-destruction."

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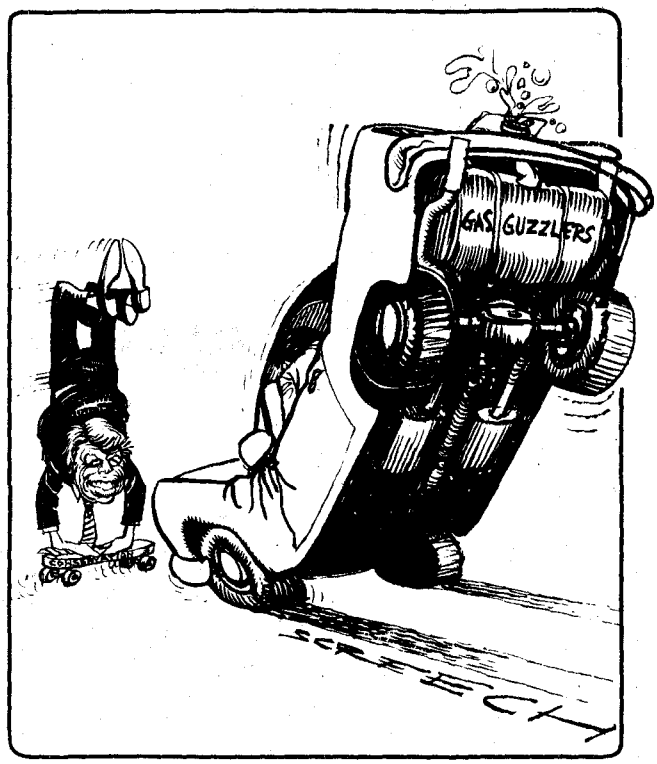

Blaine, The Spectator (Hamilton, Canada)

The decrepit state of the parties means that very little can be taken for granted. That is why each strain in American political life has its own interpretation of the crisis in the party system. Conservatives rely on Kevin Phillips to argue that a hidden conservative majority can be fashioned around social issues. Traditional Democrats like Henry Jackson cleave to Richard Scammon and Ben Wattenberg, who have proclaimed that a policy of being "liberal" on economic issues and "conservative" on social ones will win office. Caddell has his theory too. Carter, he says, "must restructure the set of issues and positions of the Democratic Party—the old ideology—which has been so enduringly successful, so that he both holds the older parts of the party and captures the growing segments of the overall electorate—the young and the middle class."

Unlike Scammon and Wattenberg, Caddell proposes that his man be both liberal and conservative on both economic and social issues. That is where image comes in; the right kind of public relations can permit Carter to promise jobs and growth, while at the same time demonstrating concern for the environment and the quality of life—issues of moment to the young.

One important manifestation of the crisis in the party system was the 1976 election itself. How Carter will perform as President will be based on how he interprets the election results. Here Caddell offers a "reading" that is self-serving in the extreme. He twists the election figures the way a suburban clergyman twists the Sermon on the Mount to appeal to a wealthy congregation. By Caddell's analysis, conservatives made Carter's victory possible; therefore, it is to them that he must first respond.

This analysis is based on the assumption that the New Deal coalition can no longer provide enough votes for victory. Thus, any Democratic candidate must attempt to hold together as many elements of that coalition possible, and at the same time find new sources of support. By and large Carter did so, Caddell claims. First, he received support from "traditional" elements: urban residents, "ethnics," Jews and blacks. In addition, he convincingly carried the South, destroying at a stroke Kevin Phillips. But all that was still not enough. To put himself over, Carter had to win more, and the margin came from rural and small-town votes in states like Pennsylvania and Ohio. "In short, we have a situation where Carter ran behind most recent Democrats in most of the urban Democratic centers and ran ahead of most recent Democratic candidates in all the other areas." To preserve himself, Carter must continue to appeal to the swing votes of the conservatives.

What Caddell's analysis does not acknowledge is that the election was so close that any lesson can be drawn from it. One could just as easily argue that without blacks and labor Carter would have been trounced. The case could be made that a campaign oriented toward the cities would have won more votes there, making unnecessary the appeal to the small towns. In short, Caddell's analysis of the realignment is after-the-fact rationalization for what he wants to advocate: a new regrouping of the American electorate to be headed by Jimmy Carter.

"The time is ripe for political realignment in America," Caddell asserts. But whereas most realignments are the products of shifts from below—blacks join the Republican Party to protest the Democratic attitude toward reconstruction; workers are turned off by laissez faire and business as usual—Caddell suggests that the one he anticipates could be manipulated from above. Carter can take positive steps to fashion a new Democratic majority. Three crucial tasks have to be undertaken: putting new issues on the agenda, including new groups in the coalition, and handling the potential opposition in advance.

The most system-defining issue of contemporary politics will be—already is—the conflict between quality of life and quantity of life. Carter must skirt it in such a way that he neither turns off the labor unions nor the ecology freaks. Growth has nourished the Democratic Party, but growth has now produced its own opposition. What can be done? Caddell urges careful manipulation. Hold the poor by benign neglect—they have nowhere to turn and will be Democrats whatever happens. Try to keep the ethnics, but they are skittish. The real key lies in finding new sources of support, and here the best possibilities are young voters, women, the college-educated and nonvoters. What all these groups have in common is discontent. Careful symbols can make Carter human for them. Thus, government regulators might work a stint in the industries they are regulating. The advice of ordinary people should be cultivated. Furthermore, as many nonvoters as possible should be brought in, and for this Caddell endorses postcard registration, which Carter has already proposed. Borrowing a page from Charles Schultze's theory of incentives, he also suggests a tax on nonvoting. The point is to work around the Democratic Party, not through it.

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One other job must be done: the construction of inclusive coalitions based on the new issues. Here the South holds the key. Caddell notes that the South is a progressive region in the context of state and local government (Mississippi recently decriminalized marijuana). This concern for human values must be captured and made available to the Carter team: "One of the major tasks of the Carter administration is to involve the South in national policy. While a new rhetorical style is necessary to attract younger voters all over the country, it is particularly important in the South as a means of overcoming the instinct of opposition that exists toward traditional rhetoric." New forces mean new speeches. Carter must avoid the stereotypes of yesterday in favor of the clichés of tomorrow.

Having defined the new issues and new constituencies, Caddell feels that Carter must "work hard to identify opponents early and deal with them before the confrontation stage." Two sources of opposition are most crucial: the Left of the Democratic Party and the Republicans.

The Democrats in particular require advance planning: "a little care now is a lot easier than making repairs in 1979." One step would be to take over the Democratic National Committee, to "Carterize" it, in Caddell's phrase. The DNC should be headed by a Carter hack willing to take any orders that he (or she) is given. In addition, the committee should work as a patronage clearinghouse and fund-raiser. But that is not enough. Carter must frame all his potential policies with reference to the political realities of the 1980 election. A secret group should be organized to keep abreast of the administration's political problems and to frame policy options in the light of what it sees. In short, the Democratic Party can easily be a problem because many of its leaders will not be pleased by what a conservative Carter is going to do. The opposition must be disarmed in advance by leaning toward it just enough to keep it in line without yielding to its anti-Carter instincts. That requires great political skill but, after all, what are politicians for?

The Republicans offer far less to worry about. Already in decline, the GOP is increasingly out of touch with the public mood. Unlike conventional politicians, who want to weaken the opposition party, Carter should spend most of his time keeping his fellow Democrats guessing. Though he does not say it, Caddell's analysis implied that Carter should work to keep the Republicans alive. That would make it easier for him to hold a threat over his own party. How could Johnson have talked consensus if he had not had Goldwater to kick around?

Caddell's proposals for a governing strategy are rooted in this notion that Carter must fashion a radical Center between the two dominant political parties. He "desperately needs to buy time," therefore his first tasks as President should involve matters of style more than substance. Carter should show that he is open, that he is different from other politicians, that he is not part of the Establishment, that he is compassionate and competent, that he is not ideological, and that he is responsive. But, as the ultimate PR man, Caddell knows that substance becomes style and vice versa. In other words, it no longer works to have image here and reality somewhere else. The President must propose real substantive issues, for that is part of his image. What Caddell seeks is a dialectic between substance and style, where issues would be discussed in terms of image but also where image would be manipulated in terms of issues.

The memo concludes with a timetable for implementing the strategy, one as precise as a plan of battle. And it is astounding how closely Carter has followed the script, flying off to his town meetings exactly on schedule. But the precision of the plan masks something. Its meticulous detail suggests that the operation is difficult, that what Carter is attempting to pull off can run into all kinds of obstacles. After all, Richard Nixon had his plan for reelection too, and while he obtained his short-run goal, the cost eventually proved too high.

The comparison of Carter and Nixon should be taken seriously. Caddell's memo has many familiar elements: it is a Southern strategy, an enemies list and a CREEP plan all wrapped into one. Nixon, like Carter, found his main problem within his own party, tried to create his personal organization to avoid it, and coped with his opponents in advance. Nixon set up within the White House a unit to insure that politics established the parameters for policy. The difference is that Nixon did not know when to smile and Carter does.

The Caddell memo, in short, reveals that the fundamental objective of the Carter administration is to use the power of the Presidency to fashion a new governing strategy based on the decay of the political parties. The Presidency, in this view, would assume the historic function of the parties, generating loyalty and winning allegiance. Because of television, Carter has an opportunity to appeal around and through the party system, establishing his own base of support wherever he wants. That base would be centrist in sentiment, what Nixon called "the silent majority." It would be drawn from three major groupings in American politics. First, there would be the Right, housed in the Republican Party. Some of its rhetoric could be manipulated. Even some of its policies would be adopted, such as a return through vouchers to the free-market and budgetary incentives. But it could otherwise be ignored.

A second political force would be the Left, composed of minorities, activists and the more liberal Congressional wing of the Democratic Party. The liberal establishment, in Caddell's view, is "as antiquated and anachronistic a group as are the conservative Republicans." It should be easy to control the Left because of public opposition to spending programs.

Finally, there is the emerging radical Center. This is Carter's fief, the only opposition being Jerry Brown, "the single largest threat on the horizon within the Democratic Party." Carter must unify the Center—which has never really been done before—and make it the most viable force in American politics. Careful manipulation of images is designed for this very purpose. Since the parties are dying and policy is irrelevant, the politics of the Center becomes the politics of the dialectic between substance and style. The Caddell memo advocates what

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European historians call Bonapartism: the attempt to rule over the heads of established institutions and to reach the people directly through a demagogic, nonideological appeal based on the more irrational aspects of political life. Carter's Eighteenth *Brumaire* cannot be far away.

The scope of Caddell's proposals covers both the interesting and impotent aspects of his memo. He is bold and, in his perverse way, visionary. But can he and his President pull it off? "If we don't buy the time quickly, given their mood today, the American people may turn on us before we ever get off the mark," he concludes. The six months that have passed since he wrote those words tell us that his battle is a losing one. Carter could not convince the American people that an energy crisis exists. His postcard registration plan is bogged down somewhere in Congress. He is popular, but less so than Kennedy and Johnson after four months. He has fooled a lot of people, but the "honeymoon" is clearly over and vested interests are demanding their share. Carter has not been able to buy the time he wanted. His plan, like Nixon's, is facing obstacles from all sides.

The fact is that if the political parties no longer work to bring about unity with diversity, the Presidency may no longer be the right vehicle either. Caddell pins all his hopes on the power of the office, especially its vast symbolic appeals. But the American people now know that the White House has hatched a crook or two. It is Nixon who has destroyed Carter's chances, surely a major irony of contemporary American politics. The Presidency has powerful symbolic appeal, but the symbols are as much ones of stealth and sleuth as they are of magnificence and majesty. Carter would like to avoid the shifting sands of party, but his only base is the equally insecure island of Presidential power. He has fewer legs to stand on than he imagines, and his smile may not carry him as far as he hopes. □

Nepal: Despotism in Tranquillity

PRANAY GUPTE

Katmandu, Nepal

I had come to this mountain kingdom for a holiday, a respite from a grueling journey through neighboring India, my homeland. It turned out that during my brief visit one of the country's most respected public men, one of the few democratic politicians still at liberty in this wondrously lovely land, was arrested literally as I was saying goodbye to him at the gate of his garden. It also turned out that behind the smiles of the beautiful Nepali people there was quite clearly an ever present fear of the police, of the state, of the 29-year-old King. And it turned out, finally, that the tranquillity of this Himalayan capital was to some extent a veneer, that an undercurrent of tension was as much a part of daily life in Nepal as was worship in the myriad Hindu temples and Buddhist Stupas. But on the day when I landed here, there was no way for me to anticipate these things.

The Royal Nepalese Airlines jet from New Delhi was filled with French tourists, some Americans and a couple of Indians. It was not a welcoming sort of day as we approached Katmandu, for the clouds were thick and the great Himalayan peaks hidden from view. I was the first to deplane, and I immediately liked the place. The cool air was a striking contrast to the cauldron of New Delhi, which we had left barely ninety minutes before. The officials at Tribhuban Airport were all smiles and helpfulness. The arrival lounge seemed like some parody of international airports with everything in miniature: tiny tables, tiny luggage racks, tiny men.

"Are you carrying any drugs?" the customs man asks me. "Only aspirin." "Show me," he says, and I produce my American-made plastic vial, which he carefully scrutinizes. I find this somewhat ironic, for everything that I have heard and read about Nepal suggests that this is the place to buy and indulge in drugs. You don't bring drugs into this country, a friend once told me in New York; you take them out. "This is aspirin?" the customs man asks me, his face creasing into a huge smile. "Yes, of course." He waves me on, then shouts after me: "We have to take precautions here."

Outside the airport, the Hotel Soaltee Oberoi had sent a shiny Toyota taxi. With me was Robert J. Mrazek, a young Long Island politician, also visiting Nepal for the first time. The taxi driver immediately launched into poetic descriptions of the Katmandu valley, ticking off the places we should see. He had brochures stacked up beneath the dashboard and insisted that a nearby village, where a colorful festival was in progress, absolutely must be visited. As I learned later, somewhere in Nepal a colorful festival is in progress almost every day.

I was struck by the number of Japanese cars on the road to town. In Delhi one rarely sees foreign cars, especially because India manufactures several of its own. I asked the driver why there were so many Datsuns and Toyotas, when in fact not a single Indian-made car was to be seen. "Japanese cars are cheaper," he explained, not mentioning that they also use less gas and that, as part of a complex economic and political policy, the Nepalese Government gives preferential treatment to Japanese goods in certain categories, one of them being automobiles. The Indian Government is less than delighted with the arrangement; it would like selling Nepal its own cars. But so many other delicate matters are pending between the two countries that automobiles seem hardly an issue to squabble over.

The road into Katmandu is lined with dull buildings, squat structures whose color reminds me of East European

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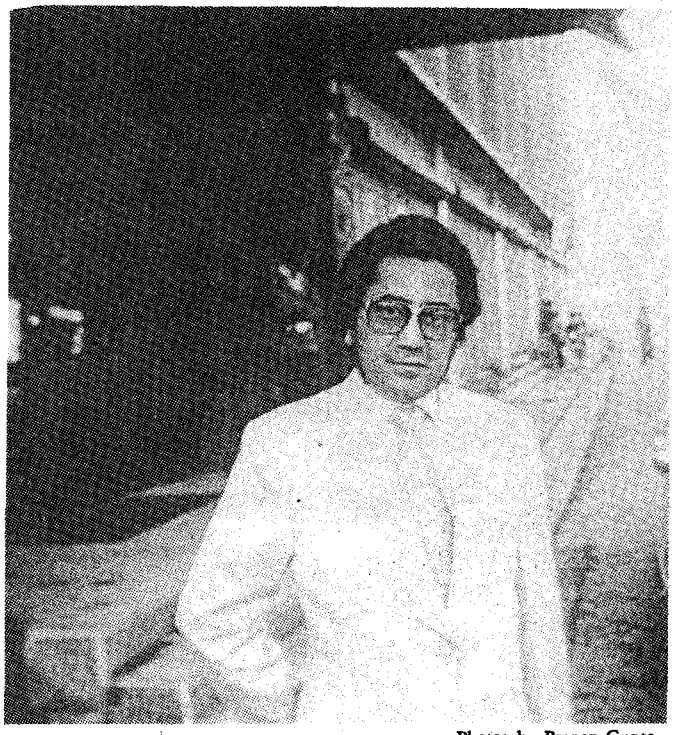
blandness. Gray is prominent, as is a dyspeptic brown. What liven the scene, however, are the clothes that hang out of windows to dry. Red is clearly a favorite color here, along with a bright shade of yellow. A couple of urchins waved happily as we drove by. We turned into the city itself, up a hill, and came to the hotel. The Soaltee Oberoi is a thorough exercise in Western architecture; you walk into the lobby and, except for some posters and the smiling Nepalese faces, there is nothing here to indicate that you are in an exotic capital city of Asia, 4,500 feet above sea level; that all around you is one of the oldest and most intriguing cultures of the world. The hotel staff is efficient, and after I had fresh-



Photos by Pranay Gupte

Prabhakar Rana

ened up I received a phone call from its executive director, Prabhakar Rana, asking me to meet him for a drink downstairs. Mr. Rana is a dashing fellow, bespectacled, articulate, a man used to ordering drinks at Claridge's, at the Waldorf, or the Paris Ritz. He ordered white wine for himself that day, and I took some soda, which seemed to astonish Prabhakar. I had met him before at a party in New York, when he had urged me to visit Nepal. "Well, I'm here," I said to him. "Welcome," said Prabhakar.

Prabhakar Rana is an important man in Nepal, for his work sustains the country's economy in a major way. Although his formal connection is with the Soaltee Oberoi, a five-star hotel associated with the Oberoi chain of India, Prabhakar is actively involved in the general promotion of tourism, which is now Nepal's biggest earner of foreign exchange, followed by the export of raw jute and jute products, rice, forestry products and handicrafts. About 81,000 foreign visitors brought the country $9 million in 1973-74; the next year, 92,440 tourists spent $11.4 million, and last year, according to the Royal Nepalese Government's figures, 105,108 foreigners added about $14.1 million to the foreign exchange income. Roughly one out of five visitors is Indian; the next largest group is American, followed by the French and then by the West Germans. The Japanese are beginning to arrive, and during my stay in Katmandu, I even encountered three Arabs. Many of the visitors are young. By now, of course, it is a cliché to say that Katmandu is the hippie capital of the world, but it is true that hippies—or at least unkempt, ragged men and women—are to be seen everywhere in the city.

These youths are given credit for the Nepalese tourist boom, because it was in the late 1960s and early 1970s, at a time when alienation among the young in Western countries reached its peak, so to speak, that Katmandu became a great tourist draw. Men like Prabhakar Rana believe that the tourism curve has barely begun to climb. He points out that the government is developing tourist facilities in mountain villages and other picturesque places. Katmandu has become steadily more accessible to the outside world; it is now serviced not only by the Royal Nepalese Airlines but also by Indian Airlines and by Bangladesh Biman, Thai International Airlines and Burma Airways Corporation. In fact, Tribhuban Airport is being expanded to accommodate the heavier flow of tourist traffic. Prabhakar Rana is very precise in his speech, and when he discusses what he is doing to develop tourism he is much more the sophisticated technocrat than the member of one of Nepal's oldest royal families. Implicit in what he says is clearly a desire to attract to Nepal not only the young in pursuit of inner tranquillity but also tour groups and middle-aged vacationers with thick wallets. Prabhakar Rana is a shrewd entrepreneur.

Katmandu is a city of parks and temples. Some of the temples, which are inevitably flanked by huge palaces, are very old, dating back a thousand years or more. And many of these temples feature carvings that are explicitly erotic. Nepal is largely a Hindu state, with a scattering of Buddhism, and the Hindus of this kingdom are said to be devotees of Tantrism, which celebrates sensuality. I walked among scores of tourists who were busily photographing the carvings—enormous phalluses that sprout from stone foundations around the city, and frescoes that call your attention to the virtues of physical agility and stamina. Shops in the narrow lanes that wind around these temples sell small cast-iron statues of men and women engaged in acrobatic sex. My friend Mrazek was delighted with these shops and bought a collection of miniature statues to give away as souvenirs back on Long Island. The shopkeeper was hardly surprised by this mass purchase; he had had American customers before. There was some haggling, but I sensed that it was a matter of form, at least on the shopkeeper's side, and that the prices had probably been set to allow for it. Everything in Katmandu's shops is geared to the tourist. Vishu Bahadur Shresta, our eloquent guide, regaled us with stories, chiefly involving Americans in search of kinky sex objects—and even kinky sex itself.

But these tourists were usually disappointed, for Nepal's is a very conservative culture. No matter that the temples

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of Katmandu may be the ultimate in eroticism, the Nepalese frown upon sexual license. There is no red-light district in Katmandu, few hotels will allow their guests to take visitors up to their rooms, and the men of Nepal resent any ogling of their women. What open sex there is involves the youthful hippies, some of whom have established communes. One evening I walked into the Tantric Yin and Yang Restaurant, which looks like the set for some counterculture movie, and there found men and women smoking pot, eating what is popularly called "hash candy," and fondling one another. Later that evening, I dined at the Yak and Yeti Restaurant on Lal Durbar Street, an establishment situated in an impressive old palace and operated by Boris Lissanevitch, a Russian expatriate. There I met two Australian girls who told me they were traveling the world; as the evening wore on, they also spoke of how much in demand foreign-born women were in Katmandu. "If a girl wants to, she can make a neat livelihood here," one of them said.

I had not come to Nepal in search of inner tranquillity. I had come partially to see the sights and to rest, partially because of a curious, and disturbing, incident that had occurred in New Delhi. One afternoon there I was visited in my room at the Hotel Oberoi-Intercontinental by a man named Girija Prasad Koirala, who was accompanied by three youths, Prakash Koirala, Shashank Koirala and Santosh Kumar. Prakash and Shashank were Girija's nephews; more significantly, they were the sons of Girija's brother, B. P. Koirala, a national hero in Nepal. B. P. Koirala was in jail, imprisoned for his opposition to King Birendra, the 29-year-old despot.

Girija Prasad Koirala is a lean, almost wasted-looking man. He spoke softly, but it was immediately obvious how violently the revolutionary fires burn in him. He, like his nephews, are exiles in India; if they went home, they would surely be arrested. In fact, B. P. Koirala had himself lived in India from 1968 until, rather suddenly, he returned to Nepal on December 30, 1976, and was arrested at Tribhuban Airport on charges of propagandizing against the state. While in Katmandu, I had hoped to see him, but I was discreetly informed that no one, not even members of his family, is permitted to meet with B.P. Rumors were rife that he had already been tried by a kangaroo court and hanged, but I met with some who said they were working on his case and that he was alive, though not in good health. (A few days ago, in an unexpected development, the King released Mr. Koirala, who then flew to the United States for medical treatment.)

Many years ago, B. P. Koirala was Nepal's Prime Minister, but he had wanted the then King, Mahendra, to establish a constitutional monarchy, and that immediately put him on bad terms with the King. Then in 1961, King Mahendra, an autocratic, bitter man, banned all political parties, a ban that remains in effect under his son, King Birendra. Now members of the banned parties—such as the Nepalese Congress, the Praja Parishad and the Gurkha Dal—are scattered all over India, or else underground in Nepal itself. Nepal is a police state and the King's minions periodically, and ruthlessly, hunt for dissidents.

Girija Prasad Koirala had become very emotional when he talked to me of these things in New Delhi. "They have mistreated my brother in jail; he is not even allowed to receive letters, he has been vomiting blood and no adequate medical attention is given him." Girija added that he had been in touch with his brother through secret sympathizers, at the jail and in the present Nepalese Government. Girija said that the King now holds more than 2,000 political prisoners, many of whom have been tortured. Four students, he stated, were shot and killed some months ago, allegedly while trying to escape, but eyewitnesses said that they were being transferred from one prison van to another when the shootings occurred. In Katmandu, some days later, Prabhakar Rana, the hotel executive, denied that Nepal is a police state and insisted that stories of political torture were greatly exaggerated.

"There are only thirty-eight political prisoners at the moment," Prabhakar said. A couple of days before I arrived, the government had unexpectedly released B. P. Koirala, but even as he walked out of the jail compound, he was rearrested on more critical charges—treason, inciting to murder and arson and sedition.

Girija also thinks that the Indian Government is doing very little to help B.P., although he has had a long friendship with Jayaprakash Narayan, the moral voice of the present Indian regime. In fact, Girija alleged that the administration of former Prime Minister Indira Gandhi actively collaborated with the Nepalese Government in harassing Nepali dissidents living in India. "My brother couldn't stand this harassment any longer, so he took his chances and left for Nepal, even though he knew he was courting arrest," Girija said, adding that the Indian Government's surveillance of Nepali dissidents like him continues even now. While I was in New Delhi, Chandra Sekhar, president of the ruling Janata Party, flew to Katmandu to meet with B. P. Koirala in the Sundari jail. He was received politely by Nepalese officials but was not permitted to see the imprisoned statesman.

Girija Prasad Koirala believes that one day soon the King must agree to institute democracy or face the prospect of armed insurrection throughout the country of 12 million. "For the time being ours will be a peaceful struggle, but we're not ruling out armed struggle," Girija says, quite earnestly, adding that he has planned, from India, a series of demonstrations in Nepal. Prakash Koirala added that the King must release political prisoners as an act of good faith. When I asked the Koiralas where they would get the guns and bullets for their revolution, they seemed to have no answer. Nepal's army comprises about 50,000 sharply trained soldiers and the King, from all accounts, is not slow to use the military to put down violence. "The army is brutal, quite ruthless," Girija acknowledged. As he left my hotel room, his shoulders sagged and his parting smile was feeble.

I was thinking about the Delhi encounter with Girija as I rode in a comfortable car on my way to the home of Rishikesh Shaha. Rishikesh is a former Nepalese am-

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Rishikesh Shaha

bassador to the United Nations, a former visiting professor at several American universities, and author of several books on Nepal. He was the only vocal critic of the King still at liberty, and my meeting had been arranged, curiously enough, by Prabhakar Rana.

Rishikesh lives in a modest bungalow not far from the sprawling Royal Palace. He is a very large man, almost Falstaffian; he smiles a great deal and chuckles at his own jokes. His study is book-lined and there are photographs showing him with Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy, and with a number of other world leaders. "You have come at a most exciting time in Nepal," Rishikesh said, offering me tea and a delicious pound cake. Then he began to outline for me the current political situation.

The King's rule is absolute; he is assisted by a hand-picked cabinet. There is a Parliament of sorts, the National Panchayat, made up of 146 members who are elected by a complex process that starts at village level and is closely monitored by the King's officials. Panchayat members do not belong to any specific political party; they are supposed to represent an area, not an ideology. "This so-called Panchayat democracy is a cover devised by the King—just a farce for the exercise of autocratic power," Rishikesh said, noting that candidates for the parliamentary elections are generally selected by the King's central committee of advisers. The King is currently emphasizing a "Gaon Pharka" campaign, one that advocates a kind of Gandhian "back to the village" theme, but is really designed to consolidate the monarch's hold on each of Nepal's nine political zones.

"I am planning to build up a popular effort to restore democracy," Rishikesh says, "but I rule out violence completely." No political demonstrations or gatherings of any kind are permitted in Nepal, but Rishikesh says he is going to "mobilize the people" anyway. His first step will be to press for a restoration of human rights; Rishikesh points out that, although the Nepalese Constitution guarantees fundamental rights to all citizens, the Nepalese people have not enjoyed those personal freedoms for nearly two decades. "The King is insulated from the people," Rishikesh said; "he mustn't forget the lessons that can be drawn from the defeat that another insulated ruler, Indira Gandhi, suffered." Rishikesh and others like him are pressing for conversion of the Nepalese system into a constitutional monarchy, with real power held by a freely elected Parliament. I asked Rishikesh when he thought something like that might happen. He smiled broadly but gave me no answer.

It was dusk as we ended our conversation. I took some photographs of him, then he gave me some letters and manuscripts that he wanted me to take to the United States, for his own mail is strictly monitored. He is not allowed to move about freely or even to teach in Nepal. His only income is from royalties on previous books and from a family inheritance.

Rishikesh Shaha showed me his garden and then I got into my car. Standing nearby were some men in civilian clothes; I took them for police, and I was right. They moved toward Rishikesh, produced a warrant which charged him with high crimes against the state and propagandizing to a foreign journalist, and arrested him as I watched. He was taken to a nearby police station and held incommunicado; I was not allowed to see him, nor was any member of his family.

The next morning, I had an interview at the Royal Palace with Chiran Thapa, the King's press secretary. Chiran Thapa represents a different kind of reality in Nepal from that of Rishikesh, whom I had last seen waving to me from his garden, his cherubic face illuminated by the haunting light of sundown. He talks enthusiastically about the 4 percent annual growth rate in the country's gross national product, about the 2.5 percent population growth rate, about the government's emphasis on building the country's infrastructure, about how tourism is the wave of the future. Chiran concedes that the per capita income is now only about $90, but hopes for better economic progress under the King's guidance.

Some of this progress, of course, will depend on relations with India and China, both of which are actively wooing Nepal, each for its own strategic reasons. The Chinese have built roads in the country, and have just donated twenty-two trolley cars and constructed tracks from the capital to the neighboring city of Bhadgaon in the Katmandu valley. But the Nepalese seem to be worried that India—given its militaristic record in liberating Bangladesh from Pakistan and in seizing control of Sikkim—may eventually want to gobble up Nepal. The Nepalese say they will be neutral, particularly in India's traditional border feuds with China, but they are surely aware of their geographical importance as a buffer between the two countries.

Katmandu is a peaceful place, almost spookily calm. No one will talk to you in public—or even in private—against the King, and I had the distinct feeling that my movements were closely watched. I wonder whether people like Girija Prasad Koirala and Rishikesh Shaha will ever be upheld, whether there will ever be a people's revolution. Time, after all, seems very much on the King's side. □

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A JUNKIE VIEW OF THE QUAGMIRE

EDWARD BUNKER

The United States has no choice but eventually to abandon its "war" on heroin addiction and adopt the so-called English system, which allows designated physicians to prescribe, under careful regulation and monitoring, maintenance doses of any narcotic except heroin, usually morphine or methadone, to registered addicts. Until a few years ago, physicians also prescribed heroin, but a slight rise in figures (it turned out to be false) changed that; now the heroin is dispensed from clinics. England isn't alone; nearly all Western European nations allow doctors to treat addicts with narcotics. None has a social problem with addiction; none has a crime rate gone berserk because of narcotics. European authorities believe that the United States created its own problem and tenaciously exacerbates it through collective delusions.

At the turn of the century, when opium, morphine and heroin were cheaper than aspirin and sold in more places, and when every male alcoholic was matched by a female drug addict, it was cause for a few clucks of sympathy when a family member was hooked, but no stigma was involved. We had 200,000 addicts in a population of 78 million, all of them living normally. Physicians gave opium and its derivatives for every sickness and every symptom. Even the temperance fanatics saw little wrong with it, by comparison to the demon rum.

Had anyone suddenly announced that henceforth addicts would be denied narcotics, there would have been public uproar. We stumbled into our present situation a little at a time. A Hague conference on international affairs, a precursor to the League of Nations and United Nations, drafted an agreement among nations to regulate and reduce the unrestrained international traffic of opium and its derivatives. This had nothing to do with addiction in Europe or the United States; it had to do with England flooding China with Indian opium that the Chinese didn't want. As an outgrowth of that, governments decided that narcotics should no longer be sold like gumdrops.

It was at that point that England and the United States diverged. We planted the seed of the tree of disaster that we are now harvesting, whereas England realized that trying to eradicate addiction would just create illegal traffic. The British had the benefit of having watched similar attempts in Asia in the 19th century. They also didn't want to make criminals of citizens who had a sickness. So the opium-laced patent medicines were taken away, morphine and heroin no longer sold to anyone, but there was never any question of depriving addicts of a supply—especially after the British saw what was happening in the United States. Strict laws against smuggling and trafficking were put in force, but these haven't been used very often. Registered addicts got their supply of pharmaceutical-quality narcotics as they would any other routine, inexpensive medicine. Way back then England had, proportionate to its population, slightly fewer addicts than the United States. The figures held steady for a decade, and then slowly fell as older addicts died without contaminating others. Now England has about 3,000, 70 percent of whom are employed, pay taxes, and live at least as normally as diabetics on insulin. The streets of London are safe to walk at night.

The United States went the other way. We would not merely stop the spread of addiction to future generations, we would stamp it out forthwith. The first shot of the "war" was the Harrison Narcotic Act of 1914, which on its face curtails open distribution but seems to leave the question of treating addicts to doctors. The medical profession, which had and still has the highest rate of addiction of any profession, began to care for addicts in their sickness. Clinics were opened, private physicians wrote prescriptions. Then the United States Supreme Court, handing down the decision that has caused all the trouble, ruled that physicians could not give addicts any narcotics. Instantly the illicit traffic sprang up, though for several years the price was such that an addict could maintain his habit by working. The international and domestic racketeers didn't visualize what the traffic would bear, so where a legal daily dose had cost 15¢ it now cost 50¢. Throughout the 1930s the number of addicts remained about the same in both England and the United States. It has never been a big thing to be an addict in England. The most the English feel is slight pity; more stigma is attached to being an alcoholic. By the same token, there's no mystique, no sense of flirting with danger, which is an element that attracts youth here.

Addiction began to rise slightly in New York City in the years just before World War II, but during the war years the problem nearly disappeared. International routes were closed and synthetic narcotics were not yet being produced—the Germans were developing them—in sufficient quantity to reach the underground market. In 1946 addiction in the United States reached its lowest point in recent decades: 20,000 junkies, most of them in New York. There, too, was where the postwar traffic got its first hold.

By the time Dwight Eisenhower took office in 1953 the number of addicts had increased to 50,000 and another "war" was declared. Congress passed the Jones-Miller law, requiring mandatory minimum sentences of ten years (no probation, no parole) for possession, sale, transporting of any amount of heroin, cocaine or marijuana. It was all the same in those days. Sentences of fifty years (no parole) were common. In the decades

Edward Bunker, frequent contributor to The Nation, *ex-junkie, and now at last ex-convict, is working on, and will play a part in,* Straight Time, *the Warner Brothers movie version of his novel,* No Beast So Fierce *(W.W. Norton). Dustin Hoffman will star in the film. Mr. Bunker has also finished a second novel,* The Animal Factory, *to be published in September by The Viking Press.*

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since Jones-Miller became law, addiction has increased geometrically: 50,000 addicts in 1953, 150,000 in 1965, 560,000 in 1975. California, especially Los Angeles, has always had a few addicts because of its proximity to the Mexican border. The 1950 estimate was 1,000, and when it started to rise soon thereafter the legislature began writing tougher laws. In the next decade the statutes were changed several times, culminating in 1961 with sentences whereby anyone with a prior conviction (one joint was enough) who was caught with any usable amount of heroin (even half a gram) received a mandatory fifteen-year-to-life sentence—fifteen years before being eligible for parole. Addiction in Los Angeles is now 60,000.

When he was appointed President, Gerald Ford declared his war on dope, asking for three-year minimum terms for traffickers. Clearly, penalties are not the answer, but we don't seem to learn very fast.

There's a parable about lilies in a pond that double every day, but nobody notices the danger that they will cover everything because the pond is still half clear on the last day. With drug addiction we are nearing the last day: it has increased by a factor of twenty-eight—from 20,000 to 560,000—in thirty years. This wildfire growth has been in the face of relentless attack and Draconian sentences. Yet a Drug Enforcement Agency official in California, when asked his opinion of heroin maintenance, deplored it, saying that all we need is tougher penalties and more money for enforcement.

Everyone recognizes that 90 percent of addicts are forced to commit crimes to maintain their expensive habits. Street crime *is* addict crime. The actual cost of manufacturing a gram of pure heroin—enough to maintain an addict for at least one day, perhaps two or three—is around 10¢. That's the cost if it were dispensed by a physician and if nobody made a profit. The illicit price is $100, for which the junkie must steal $300 in merchandise, one-third of retail value being par for hot goods. At least 50 percent of property crimes are committed by addicts, and the recent spread of crime to suburbs and small towns seems to correspond with heroin addiction leaping the tracks from the ghetto and barrio. Now such places as Eugene and Medford, Ore., Tacoma, Wash., and Redding, Calif. have heroin addicts—and their crimes. Twenty years ago Seattle had no addicts; now it has 16,000. Santa Barbara, Calif. once jailed all its known addicts for a couple of months. It was probably unlawful, but burglaries dropped 55 percent. Upon the arrival of limited methadone maintenance in San Francisco, property crimes went down 20 percent. The *Los Angeles Times* recently reported the arrest of a young junkie who admitted 250 residence burglaries in fifteen months to pay for a $200 a day habit, crimes committed not to live regally without work but to keep away from sweating, stomach cramps, vomiting, diarrhea and worse. According to outdated figures (pre-inflation) the average addict spends $8,000 a year on heroin; he also must eat and sleep. Multiply that by 560,000, add billions in law enforcement, institutions and lost taxes. Finally, look ahead to what the crime rate will be in ten years if addiction keeps spreading at even a fraction of the present rate.

That's just the economics; it doesn't include human misery beyond reckoning—not because of addiction per se but because of the life our 20th-century leper is forced to live. The United States and the addict are locked in a weird dance of flagellation, one through helplessness, the other because it clings to the concept of a "war." As in any war, demagogic propaganda drives out detached thought. The myths of drug addiction have become accepted reality. Even the Supreme Court, citadel of reason, has succumbed. In a case dealing with criminal sanctions to be levied merely for the *status* of being an addict, the Court called addicts "living dead" and "zombies." When you know that the only way to tell if someone is using heroin is by urinalysis it's hard to visualize a zombie. One of the "living dead" was a founder of Johns Hopkins. An addict from his 20s to his death, he was the greatest surgeon of the era (he fixed before putting on his gloves) and developed asepsis in surgical technique. He didn't become emaciated, sunken-eyed and sallow because he was a doctor and had morphine available. Hermann Goering was a monster but hardly a zombie even after twenty years of morphine.

The medical reality of narcotic addiction is that fifty years of the heaviest imaginable habit will have no deleterious effect whatsoever on heart, liver, lungs, kidneys, cardiovascular or respiratory systems. It *might* affect calcium balance; so does milk. It might even contribute to longevity because it's the ultimate tranquilizer. The image of the scarecrow is appropriate, but that's because of the awful life society forces the addict to live. An addict is indeed enslaved. Nothing else matters when his habit must be satisfied, and his are the labors of Sisyphus. When he gets his drug he is "normal," though probably less ambitious and driving than is thought ideal in the Protestant ethic.

The enslavement alone would justify the relentless war—if war could cure the addict or stop the traffic. Alas, half a century of this conflict has had precisely the opposite result. War has made selling narcotics in the United States the most lucrative business in the world. With so much money being made both from the traffic and the battle against it, wealthy and ruthless men have a vested interest in maintaining the status quo. To the big trafficker each invested dollar returns a hundred overnight—and the growth rate is faster than IBM's, because the frenzied street junkie wants to reduce the pressure, and the one way to do it is to get a couple of customers and become a pusher. Nobody could push dope in Europe. Why should an addict buy from a pusher when he can get a prescription and go to a drugstore?

The "war" has been on two fronts for a long time, and a third has been recently added. The first has been the campaign to cure the addict, usually while he's confined, but in the last decade with community programs as well. All are total failures, so much so that the bureaucrats administering them cannot allow thorough follow-up studies, lest the public scream at the gross waste of money. Synanon, the famed therapeutic community, claims just

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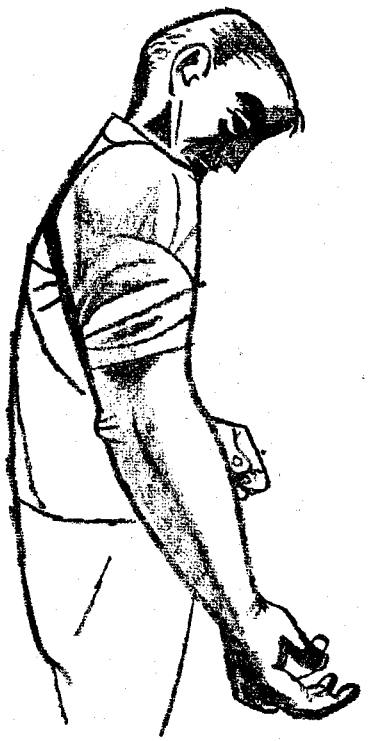
10 percent success among those who stay two years, and they are but a fraction of those who enter. And Synanon deals with motivated persons. New York conducted a three-year follow-up on 247 adolescent addicts who had been treated in a heavily staffed, extremely expensive program. The young junkies were given group and private therapy and counseling, remedial education, vocational training and aid on release. The failure rate was 100 percent. Of the 247, eight were out of jail and drug-free—but when interviewed each claimed never to have been an addict. They'd been busted with dope on them and sent for treatment, which was better than jail.

Civil commitment programs in California and New York are expensive and useless. Ten years ago Congress established the Narcotic Addict Rehabilitation Act, and the Bureau of Prisons has NARA programs in many of its institutions. Under NARA, addicts convicted of non-violent federal crimes are committed for treatment.



All NARA does is provide a lot of $20,000-a-year jobs for sociologists. The NARA director at Terminal Island, Calif. cannot produce one cured junkie after ten years and 1,000 commitments. On the other hand, it's easy to produce scores who have become addicts at Terminal Island. Indeed, wardens at Terminal Island, McNeil Island, Atlanta and elsewhere have declared the drug problem in prison insoluble. That raises an interesting question: if the federal government cannot control narcotics in federal prisons, how can it be controlled in the whole United States?

Addicts call themselves "dope fiends," and it fits. They live unimaginably mean lives, on the whole. They call it "running," and that, too, fits. A frantic cycle of stealing something, selling it, finding the connection and finally getting fixed. If they are lucky there's enough for a day or two, but usually in an hour they're running again. Unless they can become dealers the Damoclean sword of getting sick hangs perpetually overhead, and the stays of execution are but a few hours at a time. Often they hit the street during withdrawals, ready to do anything to relieve the agony.

Sooner or later—and often—a junkie goes to jail, where he usually has to kick cold turkey. "Kick" because that's what he does, jerking his legs for sleepless days; "cold turkey" because waves of goose bumps torment his body. After he kicks, he may spend months or years in jail or prison. Nonetheless, within hours, days or weeks of release he'll be inexorably drawn back to sticking a needle in his arm, knowing what his life is going to be, knowing he'll again find himself puking and shitting on himself on a jail floor.

Why do they do it? Theories are abundant, mostly psychological, but I believe that once a person has been fully hooked a permanent biochemical change takes place, and that once a body adapts, it is never again normal without narcotics. Though studies on that aspect of the problem are few, it's well known that a nonaddict can be given liberal doses of narcotics for ten days or longer with no discomfort when the medication is stopped, whereas an addict suffers mild symptoms after two days, and after a week will be fully sick. His body chemistry has changed. Whatever the cause, there is no cure. For all statistical purposes, once a junkie always a junkie.

If anything in this war has proven a greater failure than curing addicts, it is the second campaign of stopping the traffic. Half a century of unrelenting crackdown has achieved nothing. Every President since Truman has declared a new jihad on the dealers of death, but all street pushers are dope fiends and nothing will dissuade them. They can't help themselves. The middle level of the distribution network is hard to penetrate, and so much money can be made that there will never be a shortage of persons eager to try their luck, no matter what the penalties. I know a 23-year-old ex-G.I. who flew into Hong Kong with $1,400 in his pocket. He bought a pound of #4 White Dragon Pearl heroin, broke it into tiny lumps and wrapped them in three layers of condom, tying them into little balls. These he swallowed. He put the rest in his colon. He failed the "smuggler profile" at customs, but the rigorous search revealed nothing. Would you advocate stomach pumps and enemas for anyone who *might* be a smuggler? He sold the load for $22,000. He could have made $150,000 if he'd diluted it to street quality and retailed it. He repeated the journey several times, taking another G.I. with him. In one year he had made enough to live like a prince forever in Mexico. That's where he is now.

The criminal syndicates, national and international (especially the latter), are invulnerable to arrest and prosecution. In some places the kingpin traffickers and the rulers are one and the same. We look foolish to the world as we struggle in the net that tightens just because we struggle.

As for stopping the smuggling, a half-minute of thought about what that entails should get it crossed off the list of possibilities. Moreover, when customs boasts

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of seizing 5 kilos of pure heroin worth, say, $3 million, the impression conveyed is that somewhere Fu Manchu is gnashing his teeth at this tremendous loss, or that somewhere addicts are falling into convulsions because the supply is cut off (why should that make anyone happy?). But $1 million was street value; Fu Manchu lost, perhaps, $15,000 and is in no danger of going bankrupt. The addict, it is true, may pay a little more, since dealers will take advantage of the alleged "shortage."

The third and newest campaign of the war is the attempt to curtail the growth of opium. Last December, President Ford announced that he'd consulted with the Chiefs of State of Colombia, Turkey and Mexico on the matter and elicited promises of cooperation in return for financing. Rep. Peter Rodino (D., N.J.) followed up the President's announcement with a proposal that we cut off aid to all noncooperative countries. Both men were either making political hay (narcotics is always good for that) or they don't understand the realities. Colombia grows no opium, Turkey had an agreement to stop raising it, but reneged after a year (during which there was no heroin shortage) because our compensation wasn't enough to repay the Turkish opium farmers for abandoning the crop. We let it go without a whimper.

As for Mexico, the central government is willing to help as long as we give enough millions to subsidize the effort, but Mexico isn't like the United States; Mexico City has only limited control in the hinterland, where the attitude is that our approach to drug addiction is hilariously stupid and that selling narcotics for U.S. consumption is no sin. In the mountains of Sinaloa where the opium grows, as soon as you leave the cities conditions have changed little since Pancho Villa. When the government wants to go into the mountains it has to send troops. According to some Mexican dealers that's what the government has been doing recently. Opium fields are being burned and dealers arrested or killed. Virtually all of Mexico's crude brown heroin is for the U.S. market, where the wholesale price has gone up 40 percent since August 1975.

Before rejoicing, note that Mexico's production is picayune, perhaps 1 percent of the world supply. Ford neglected to mention the so-called Golden Triangle of Burma, Laos and Thailand, where 70 percent of the world's illicit opium grows, enough to supply 15 million addicts. In those jungle mountains the clans and tribes that grow opium neither know nor care what country they are in. They do know that they have all the guns in the area. Growing and selling opium is their way of life.

Afghanistan and Pakistan also grow a lot of opium, though so far it hasn't been needed in the illicit pipeline. In fact, there's a lot of opium to curtail. Just 3 square miles of poppies can supply the U.S. market nicely. And even if there's a worldwide shortage, the American market will be the last to feel it because we pay 100 times more than anyone else.

Finally, matters would change only for the worse if every opium poppy in the world keeled over and died. Too many fortunes are at stake not to have contingency plans, and those are to manufacture the synthetics, such as dolphine, blue-morphan and dilaudid, which are more addictive than the real thing. Dilaudid, the oldest synthetic, is preferred to heroin by many addicts, and except for its stronger "rush" when injected is hard to differentiate from heroin. The chemical process is no more difficult than that of converting morphine base into heroin, or making LSD or speed. The base of the synthetic opiates is coal tar. Do we next try to curtail the world's supply of coal tar?

We cannot cure addicts and we cannot stop the traffic. Sooner or later, now or when the 560,000 junkies become 2 million, we are going to change our system and allow addicts to have regulated doses of narcotics, including heroin. Methadone has paved the way, showing that the world won't collapse if addicts are allowed what they need as critically as diabetics need insulin. Methadone programs are not without their own problems but, for those on them, they are the most effective therapy thus far attempted. Addicts who have spent years stealing or in jail suddenly get jobs and pay taxes because they can drink a glass of methadone and Tang every day. More than 80 percent are employed. True, some are still criminals, and a few sell part of their ration, but methadone is a viable program—or would be if the bureaucrats hadn't gotten in. It reaches only a minuscule percentage; in Los Angeles, for example, 2,000 out of 60,000, and even that is threatened because taxpayers rightfully resent spending $7 a day to give narcotics to a dope fiend. When you consider that methadone costs 10¢ per dose, plus 15¢ for the glass of Tang, it looks as though someone is doing nicely. The markup isn't nearly that of illicit heroin—6¢ to $100—but it's too much for the taxpayer and too much for the majority of addicts. We need a cheaper method of distribution.

Nor will methadone alone do the job. Too many addicts dislike it. Younger addicts still want the "rush" of a fix. And some people gain excessive weight on methadone, 40 or 50 pounds, while others become so somnolent that they can't do anything but doze in front of the television. Some are afraid of methadone because the withdrawal is much worse than that of heroin. Its main good points are that it can be taken orally, eliminating hepatitis and infection, and requires just one dose a day, compared to heroin's three or four.

What we must do, and will do despite the screams of law-enforcement officers and others, is register all addicts, determine the daily maintenance dose for each individual (some addicts in England use both methadone and heroin) and issue ration cards that allow the individual to buy that much each day in drugstores. Methadone clinics already allow most patients to take home enough for several days. Some of it will be resold, but no junkie is going to cut himself short. Pushers will disappear. We'd still have a lot of addict-citizens, but not many addict-criminals. You might even be able to walk in Central Park at night. The cost would be virtually nothing—and would save billions.

What can we lose by trying it for a year? Nothing else has worked. It would do nothing for today's addicts, except allow them to live normal lives: It might save the children. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Distortions at Fourth Hand

NOAM CHOMSKY and EDWARD S. HERMAN

GEORGE C. HILDEBRAND and GARETH PORTER. *Cambodia: Starvation and Revolution.* Monthly Review Press (1976).

FRANCOIS PONCHAUD. *Cambodge Année Zéro.* Juilliard Press. Paris (1977).

JOHN BARRON and ANTHONY PAUL. *Murder of a Gentle Land.* Thomas Y. Crowell (1977).

On May 1, 1977, *The New York Times* published an account of the "painful problems of peace" in Vietnam by Fox Butterfield. He describes the "woes" of the people of the South, their "sense of hardship" and the grim conditions of their life, concluding that "most Southerners are said to appear resigned to their fate." His evidence comes from "diplomats, refugees and letters from Vietnam." In journals of the War Resisters League and the American Friends Service Committee of March-May 1977, in contrast, there are lengthy reports by Carol Bragg on a visit to Vietnam earlier this year by a six-person AFSC delegation, including two who had worked in Vietnam and are fluent in Vietnamese. The group traveled widely in the South and spoke to well-known leaders of the non-Communist Third Force who are active in the press and government, as well as ordinary citizens. They report impressive social and economic progress in the face of the enormous destruction left by the war, a "pioneering life" that is "difficult and at times discouraging," but everywhere "signs of a nation rebuilding" with commitment and dedication.

Butterfield claims that "there is little verifiable information on the new economic zones—no full-time American correspondents have been admitted since the war—but they are evidently not popular." While it is true that American correspondents are not welcomed in Vietnam, there is nonetheless ample expert eyewitness testimony, including that of journalists of international repute, visiting Vietnamese professors from Canada, American missionaries and others who have traveled through the country where they worked for many years. Jean and Simonne Lacouture published a book in 1976 on a recent visit, critical of much of what they saw but giving a generally very positive account of reconstruction efforts and popular commitment. Max Ediger of the Mennonite Central Committee, who worked in Vietnam for many years and stayed for thirteen months after the war, testified before Congress in March 1977 on a two-week return visit in January, also conveying a very favorable impression of the great progress he observed despite the "vast destruction of soil and facilities inflicted by the past war." There have also been positive accounts of the "new economic zones" in such journals as the *Far Eastern Economic Review* and the Canadian *Pacific Affairs.*

But none of this extensive evidence appears in *The New York Times*'s analysis of "conditions in Indochina two years after the end of the war there." Nor is there any discussion in the *Times* of the "case of the missing bloodbath," although forecasts of a holocaust were urged by the U.S. leadership, official experts and the mass media over the entire course of the war in justifying our continued military presence. On the other hand, protests by some former anti-war individuals against alleged human rights violations in Vietnam are given generous coverage. This choice of subject may be the only basis on which U.S.—as opposed to Soviet—dissidents can get serious attention in the mass media today.

The technical name for this farce is "freedom of the press." All are free to write as they wish: Fox Butterfield, with his ideological blinders, on the front page of the *Times* (daily circulation more than 800,000); and Carol Bragg, with her eyewitness testimony, in *New England Peacework* (circulation 2,500). Typically, reports which emphasize the destruction caused by the United States and the progress and commitment of the Vietnamese reach a tiny circle of peace activists. Reports that ignore the American role—Butterfield can only bring himself to speak of "substantial tracts of land made fallow [*sic*] by the war," with no agent indicated—and that find only "woes" and distress, reach a mass audience and become part of the established truth. In this way a "line" is implanted in the public mind with all the effectiveness of a system of censorship, while the illusion of an open press and society is maintained. If dictators were smarter, they would surely use the American system of thought control and indoctrination.

It was inevitable with the failure of the American effort to subdue South Vietnam and to crush the mass movements elsewhere in Indochina, that there would be a campaign to reconstruct the history of these years so as to place the role of the United States in a more favorable light. The drab view of contemporary Vietnam provided by Butterfield and the establishment press helps to sustain the desired rewriting of history, asserting as it does the sad results of Communist success and American failure. Well suited for these aims are tales of Communist atrocities, which not only prove the evils of communism but undermine the credibility of those who opposed the war and might interfere with future crusades for freedom.

It is in this context that we must view the recent spate of newspaper reports, editorials and books on Cambodia, a part of the world not ordinarily of great concern to the press. However, an exception is made when useful lessons may be drawn and public opinion mobilized in directions advantageous to the established order. Such didacticism often plays fast and loose with the truth.

For example, on April 8, 1977, *The Washington Post* devoted half a page to "photographs believed to be the first of actual forced labor conditions in the countryside of Cambodia [to] have reached the West." The pictures show armed soldiers guarding people pulling plows, others working fields, and one bound man. ("It is not known if this man was killed," the caption reads.) Quite a sensational testimonial to Communist atrocities. But there is a slight problem. *The Washington Post* account of how they were smuggled out by a relative of the photographer who died in the escape attempt is entirely fanciful. The pictures had appeared a year

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earlier in France, Germany and Australia, as well as in the *Bangkok Post* (April 19, 1976), with the caption "True or False?" In fact, an attempt by a Thai trader to sell these photos to the *Bangkok Post* was turned down "because the origin and authenticity of the photographs were in doubt." The photos appeared in another Thai newspaper two days before the April 4th election. The *Bangkok Post* then published them, explaining in an accompanying article that "Khmer watchers" were dubious about the clothes and manner of the people depicted, and quoting "other observers" who "pointed to the possibility that the series of pictures could have been taken in Thailand with the prime objective of destroying the image of the Socialist parties" before the election.

This story was reported in the *U.S./Indochina Report* of the Indochina Resource Center in July 1976, along with the additional information that a Thai intelligence officer later admitted that the photos were indeed posed inside Thailand: " 'Only the photographer and I were supposed to know,' he confided to a Thai journalist." The full details were again given in the *International Bulletin* (April 25, 1977; circulation 6,000). A letter of April 20 to *The Washington Post* on these points has not appeared. In short, the "freedom of the press" assures that readers of the *International Bulletin* will get the facts.

Even if the photographs had been authentic, we might ask why people should be pulling plows in Cambodia. The reason is clear, if unmentioned. The savage American assault on Cambodia did not spare the animal population. Hildebrand and Porter, in their *Cambodia: Starvation and Revolution*, cite a Cambodian Government report of April 1976 that several hundred thousand draft animals were killed in the rural areas. The *Post* did not have to resort to probable fabrications to depict the facts. A hundred-word item buried in *The New York Times* of June 14, 1976, cites an official U.N. report that teams of "human buffaloes" pull plows in Laos in areas where the buffalo herds, along with everything else, were decimated (by the American bombing, although this goes unmentioned in the *Times*). Much the same is true in Vietnam. Quite possibly the U.N. or the Laotian Government could supply photographic evidence, but this would not satisfy the needs of current propaganda.

The response to the three books under review nicely illustrates this selection process. Hildebrand and Porter present a carefully documented study of the destructive American impact on Cambodia and the success of the Cambodian revolutionaries in overcoming it, giving a very favorable picture of their programs and policies, based on a wide range of sources. Published last year, and well received by the journal of the Asia Society (*Asia*, March-April 1977), it has not been reviewed in the *Times*, *New York Review* or any mass-media publication, nor used as the basis for editorial comment, with one exception. *The Wall Street Journal* acknowledged its existence in an editorial entitled "Cambodia Good Guys" (November 22, 1976), which dismissed contemptuously the very idea that the Khmer Rouge could play a constructive role, as well as the notion that the United States had a major hand in the destruction, death and turmoil of wartime and postwar Cambodia. In another editorial on the "Cambodian Horror" (April 16, 1976), the *Journal* editors speak of the attribution of postwar Cambodian difficulties to U.S. intervention as "the record extension to date of the politics of guilt." On the subject of "Unscrambling Chile" (September 20, 1976), however, the abuses of the "manfully rebuilding" Chilean police state are explained away as an unfortunate consequence of Allendista "wrecking" of the economy.

In brief, Hildebrand and Porter attribute "wrecking" and "rebuilding" to the wrong parties in Cambodia. In his Foreword to *Cambodia: Starvation and Revolution*, Asian scholar George Kahin observes that it is a book from which "anyone who is interested in understanding the situation obtaining in Phnom Penh before and after the Lon Nol government's collapse and the character and programs of the Cambodian Government that has replaced it will, I am sure, be grateful. . . ." But the mass media are not grateful for the Hildebrand-Porter message, and have shielded the general public from such perceptions of Cambodia.

In contrast, the media favorite, Barron and Paul's "untold story of Communist Genocide in Cambodia" (their subtitle), virtually ignores the U.S. Government role. When they speak of "the murder of a gentle land," they are not referring to B-52 attacks on villages or the systematic bombing and murderous ground sweeps by American troops or forces organized and supplied by the United States, in a land that had been largely removed from the conflict prior to the American attack. Their point of view can be predicted from the "diverse sources" on which they relied: namely, "informal briefings from specialists at the State and Defense Departments, the National Security Council and three foreign embassies in Washington." Their "Acknowledgments" mention only the expertise of Thai and Malaysian officials, U.S. Government Cambodian experts, and Father Ponchaud. They also claim to have analyzed radio and refugee reports.

Their scholarship collapses under the barest scrutiny. To cite a few cases, they state that among those evacuated from Phnom Penh, "virtually everybody saw the consequences of [summary executions] in the form of the corpses of men, women and children rapidly bloating and rotting in the hot sun," citing, among others, J.-J. Cazaux, who wrote, in fact, that "not a single corpse was seen along our evacuation route," and that early reports of massacres proved fallacious (*The Washington Post*, May 9, 1975). They also cite *The New York Times*, May 9, 1975, where Sydney Schanberg wrote that "there have been unconfirmed reports of executions of senior military and civilian officials. . . . But none of this will apparently bear any resemblance to the mass executions that had been predicted by Westerners," and that "Here and there were bodies, but it was difficult to tell if they were people who had succumbed to the hardships of the march or simply civilians and soldiers killed in the last battles." They do not mention the Swedish journalist, Olle Tolgraven, or Richard Boyle of Pacific News Service, the last newsman to leave Cambodia, who denied the existence of wholesale executions; nor do they cite the testimony of Father Jacques Engelmann, a priest with nearly two decades of experience in Cambodia, who was evacuated at the same time and reported that evacuated priests "were not witness to any cruelties" and that there were deaths, but "not thousands, as certain newspapers have written" (cited by Hildebrand and Porter).

Barron and Paul claim that there is no evidence of popular support for the Communists in the countryside and that people "fled to the cities" as a result of the "harsh regimen" imposed by the Communists—not the American bombing. Extensive evidence to the contrary, including eyewitness reports and books by French and American correspondents and observers long familiar with Cambodia (e.g., Richard Dudman, Serge Thion, J.-C. Pomonti, Charles Meyer) is never cited. Nor do they try to account for the amazingly rapid growth of the revolutionary forces from 1969 to 1973, as attested by U.S. intelligence and as is obvious from the unfolding events themselves.

Their quotes, where they can be checked, are no more reliable. Thus they claim that Ponchaud attributes to a

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Khmer Rouge official the statement that people expelled from the cities "are no longer needed, and local chiefs are free to dispose of them as they please," implying that local chiefs are free to kill them. But Ponchaud's first report on this (*Le Monde*, February 18, 1976) quotes a military chief as stating that they "are left to the absolute discretion of the local authorities," which implies nothing of the sort.

These examples are typical. Where there is no independent confirmatory evidence, the Barron-Paul story can hardly be regarded as credible. Their version of history has already appeared in the *Reader's Digest* (circulation more than 18 million), and has been widely cited in the mass media as an authoritative account, including, among them, a front-page horror summary in *The Wall Street Journal*, an article in *TV Guide* (April 30, 1977; circulation more than 19 million) by Ernest Lefever, a foreign policy specialist who is otherwise known for his argument before Congress that we should be more tolerant of the "mistakes" of the Chilean junta "in attempting to clear away the devastation of the Allende period," and his discovery of the "remarkable freedom of expression" enjoyed by critics of the military regime (*The Miami Herald*, August 6, 1974).

Ponchaud's book is based on his own personal experiences in Cambodia from 1965 until the capture of Phnom Penh, extensive interviews with refugees and reports from the Cambodian radio. Published in France in January 1977, it has become the best-known unread book in recent history, on the basis of an account by Jean Lacouture (in *The New York Review of Books*), widely cited since in the press, which alleges that Ponchaud has revealed a policy of "autogenocide" (Lacouture's term) practiced by the Communists.

Before looking more closely at Ponchaud's book and its press treatment, we would like to point out that apart from Hildebrand and Porter there are many other sources on recent events in Cambodia that have not been brought to the attention of the American reading public. Space limitations preclude a comprehensive review, but such journals as the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, the London *Economist*, the *Melbourne Journal of Politics*, and others elsewhere, have provided analyses by highly qualified specialists who have studied the full range of evidence available, and who concluded that executions have numbered at most in the thousands; that these were localized in areas of limited Khmer Rouge influence and unusual peasant discontent, where brutal revenge killings were aggravated by the threat of starvation resulting from the American destruction and killing. These reports also emphasize both the extraordinary brutality on both sides during the civil war (provoked by the American attack) and repeated discoveries that massacre reports were false. They also testify to the extreme unreliability of refugee reports, and the need to treat them with great caution, a fact that we and others have discussed elsewhere (cf. Chomsky: *At War with Asia*, on the problems of interpreting reports of refugees from American bombing in Laos). Refugees are frightened and defenseless, at the mercy of alien forces. They naturally tend to report what they believe their interlocuters wish to hear. While their reports must be considered seriously, care and caution are necessary. Specifically, refugees questioned by Westerners or Thais have a vested interest in reporting atrocities on the part of Cambodian revolutionaries, an obvious fact that no serious reporter will fail to take into account.

To give an illustration of just one neglected source, the London *Economist* (March 26, 1977) carried a letter by W. J. Sampson, who worked as an economist and statistician for the Cambodian Government until March 1975, in close contact with the central statistics office. After leaving Cambodia, he writes, he "visited refugee camps in Thailand and kept in touch with Khmers," and he also relied on "A European friend who cycled around Phnom Penh for many days after its fall [and] saw and heard of no . . . executions" apart from "the shooting of some prominent politicians and the lynching of hated bomber pilots in Phnom Penh." He concludes "that such executions could be numbered in hundreds or thousands rather than in hundreds of thousands," though there was "a big death toll from sickness"—surely a direct consequence, in large measure, of the devastation caused by the American attack. Sampson's analysis is known to those in the press who have cited Ponchaud at second-hand, but has yet to be reported here. And his estimate of executions is far from unique.

Expert analyses of the sort just cited read quite differently from the confident conclusions of the mass media. Here we read that "Most foreign experts on Cambodia and its refugees believe at least 1.2 million persons have been killed or have died as a result of the policies of the Communist regime since April 17, 1975" (UPI, *Boston Globe*, April 17, 1977). No source is given, but it is interesting that a 1.2 million estimate is attributed by Ponchaud to the American Embassy (presumably Bangkok), a completely worthless source, as the historical record amply demonstrates. The figure bears a suggestive similarity to the prediction by U.S. officials at the war's end that a million would die in the next year.

In *The New York Times Magazine*, May 1, 1977, Robert Moss (editor of a dubious offshoot of Britain's *The Economist* called "Foreign Report" which specializes in sensational rumors from the world's intelligence agencies) asserts that "Cambodia's pursuit of total revolution has resulted, by the official admission of its Head of State, Khieu Samphan, in the slaughter of a million people." Moss informs us that the source of this statement is Barron and Paul, who claim that in an interview with the Italian weekly *Famiglia Cristiana* Khieu Samphan stated that more than a million died during the war, and that the population had been 7 million before the war and is now 5 million. Even if one places some credence in this reported interview nowhere in it does Khieu Samphan suggest that the million post-war deaths were a result of official policies (as opposed to the lag effects of a war that left large numbers ill, in-

TRYING TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT

I have sworn to quit
inviting antelope
and elk
into my small back yard,
but the bear refuses
to stop wandering in.
His fur
always gets caught
in the gate
and his steps
on the porch
rattle the glasses
in my cupboard.
Each time he comes
the dog is nervous
for a week.
When he ate my blackberries
I said it didn't matter
but in fact
I had nothing to eat
all day. Yet
when I tell him
I've decided against him,
he laughs,
batting my wind chimes
with his paw.

Susan Bartels Ludvigson

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jured, and on the verge of starvation). The "slaughter" by the Khmer Rouge is a Moss-*New York Times* creation.

A *Christian Science Monitor* editorial states: "Reports put the loss of life as high as 2 million people out of 7.8 million total." Again, there is no source, but we will suggest a possibility directly. *The New York Times* analysis of "two years after the Communist victory" goes still further. David Andelman, May 2, 1977, speaks without qualification of "the purges that took hundreds of thousands of lives in the aftermath of the Communist capture of Phnom Penh on April 17, 1975." Even the U.S. Government sources on which journalists often uncritically rely advance no such claim, to our knowledge. In fact, even Barron and Paul claim only that "100,000 or more" were killed in massacres and executions—they base their calculations on a variety of interesting assumptions, among them, that *all* military men, civil servants and teachers were targeted for execution; curiously, their "calculations" lead them to the figure of 1.2 million deaths as a result of "actions" of the Khmer Rouge governing authorities, by January 1, 1977 ("at a very minimum"); by a coincidence, the number reported much earlier by the American Embassy, according to Ponchaud. Elsewhere in the press, similar numbers are bandied about, with equal credibility.

Ponchaud's book is serious and worth reading, as distinct from much of the commentary it has elicited. He gives a grisly account of what refugees have reported to him about the barbarity of their treatment at the hands of the Khmer Rouge. He also reminds us of some relevant history. For example, in this "peaceful land," peasants were massacred, their lands stolen and villages destroyed, by police and army in 1966, many then joining the *maquis* out of "their hatred for a government exercising such injustices and sowing death." He reports the enormous destruction and murder resulting directly from the American attack on Cambodia, the starvation and epidemics as the population was driven from their countryside by American military terror and the U.S.-incited civil war, leaving Cambodia with "an economy completely devastated by the war." He points out that "from the time of Sihanouk, then Lon Nol, the soldiers of the government army had already employed, with regard to their Khmer Rouge 'enemies,' bloodthirsty methods in no way different from those of Democratic Cambodia" (the Khmer Rouge). He also gives a rather positive account of Khmer Rouge programs of social and economic development, while deploring much brutal practice in working for egalitarian goals and national independence.

Ponchaud's book lacks the documentation provided in Hildebrand and Porter and its veracity is therefore difficult to assess. But the serious reader will find much to make him somewhat wary. For one thing, Ponchaud plays fast and loose with quotes and with numbers. He quotes an unattributed Khmer Rouge slogan, "One or two million young people will be enough to build the new Cambodia." In an article in *Le Monde* (February 18, 1976) he gives what appears to be the same quote, this time as follows: "To rebuild the new Cambodia, a million people are enough." Here the quote is attributed to a Khmer Rouge military commander, along with the statement misrepresented by Barron and Paul, noted above (Lacouture changes the numbers to 1.5 million to 2 million, attributes the quote to an unnamed Marxist, and concludes that it goes beyond barbarism). This is one of the rare examples of a quote that can be checked. The results are not impressive.

Ponchaud cites a Cambodian report that 200,000 people were killed in American bombings from March 7 to August 15, 1973. No source is offered, but suspicions are aroused by the fact that the Phnom Penh radio announced on May 9, 1975 that there were 200,000 casualties of the American bombing in 1973, including "killed, wounded, and crippled for life" (Hildebrand and Porter). Ponchaud cites "Cambodian authorities" who give the figures 800,000 killed and 240,000 wounded before liberation. The figures are implausible. By the usual rule of thumb, wounded amount to about three times killed; quite possibly he has the figures reversed.

More significant is Ponchaud's account of the evacuation of Phnom Penh in April 1975. He reports the explanation given by the revolutionary government: that the evacuation was motivated by impending famine. But this he rejects, on the ground that rice stocks in Phnom Penh would have sufficed for two months, with rationing (what he thinks would have happened after two months, with no new harvest, he does not say). He gives no source for this estimate, and fails to observe that "According to Long Boret, the old Government's last Premier, Phnom Penh had only eight days worth of rice on hand on the eve of the surrender" (Agence France-Presse, Bangkok; *New York Times*, May 9, 1975). Nor does he cite the testimony of U.S. AID officials that Phnom Penh had only a six-day supply of rice (William Goodfellow, *New York Times*, July 14, 1975).

In fact, where an independent check is possible, Ponchaud's account seems at best careless, sometimes in rather significant ways. Nevertheless, the book is a serious work, however much the press has distorted it.

As noted, Ponchaud relies overwhelmingly on refugee reports. Thus his account is at best second-hand with many of the refugees reporting what they claim to have heard from others. Lacouture's review gives at best a third-hand account. Commentary on Lacouture's review in the press, which has been extensive, gives a fourth-hand account. That is what is available to readers of the American press.

As an instance, consider *The Christian Science Monitor* editorial already cited, which gives a fair sample of what is available to the American public. This editorial, based on Lacouture's review, speaks of the "reign of terror against the population" instituted by the Khmer Rouge. Lacouture, like Ponchaud, emphasizes the brutality of the American war, which laid the basis for all that followed. These references disappear from the *Monitor* editorial, which pretends that the current suffering in Cambodia takes place in an historical vacuum, as a mere result of Communist savagery. Similarly, an earlier editorial (January 26, 1977), based on Barron and Paul, also avoids any reference to American responsibility, though there is much moralizing about those who are indifferent to "one of the most brutal and concentrated onslaughts in history" in this "lovely land" of "engaging people."

It is difficult to convey the deep cynicism of this all-too-typical reporting which excises from history the American role in turning peaceful Cambodia into a land of massacre, starvation and disease. While the editors prate about morality, people are dying in Cambodia as a direct result of the policies that they supported, and indeed concealed. Hildebrand and Porter quote a Western doctor in Phnom Penh on the mass starvation that resulted from the American war: "as well as knocking off a generation of young men, the war is knocking off a generation of children"—those who will die from the permanent damage suffered from severe malnutrition, one small part of the American legacy to this "lovely land."

To appreciate fully the cynicism of the press and editorial comments, it is necessary to recall the role of the American mass media in supporting the "secret war" against Cambodia. Prior to the Nixon-Kissinger administration, Cambo-

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lian villages had been subject to U.S.- or U.S.-supported armed attack, invariably denied, but on occasion later conceded when it was discovered that Western observers were present. The massive assault against Cambodia began in March 1969, when the "secret" B-52 raids were launched. In the following weeks, the Cambodian Government made repeated efforts to bring the facts to the attention of the international press. Prince Sihanouk appealed to the press to make public these "criminal attacks" on "peaceful Cambodian farmers" and to "publicize abroad this very clear stand of Cambodia" in "oppos[ing] all bombings on Cambodian territory under whatever pretext." In January 1970, his government released an official White Book giving details of U.S. attacks on civilians *up to May 1969*, including names, places, dates, figures and photographs. All of this was concealed by the American press, which was later to claim that it was Richard Nixon who kept the 1969 bombardment from the press and the American people.

There was one notable exception, a *New York Times* report by William Beecher (May 9, 1969), headed "Raids in Cambodia by U.S. Unprotested," which reported B-52 raids on "Vietcong and North Vietnamese supply dumps and base camps in Cambodia," citing U.S. sources and disregarding Sihanouk's impassioned protest against the murder of "Khmer peasants, women and children in particular."

But let us return to the fourth-hand *Monitor* account. It also refers to "recent photographs depicting forced labor conditions in the countryside," namely, the case already discussed, adding that they "have not been positively verified." This hardly does justice to the facts. The *Monitor* also cites "reports" that 2 million people have died. The only source we can imagine for this is Lacouture's rhetorical question: "What Oriental despots or medieval inquisitors ever boasted having eliminated, in a single year, one-quarter of their own population?"—2 million people. This statement, allegedly based on Ponchaud, is quoted in the *Monitor*. Nothing supporting this appears in Ponchaud's book, as Lacouture agrees in corrections published in *The New York Review* (May 26, 1977).

The *Monitor* editorial writers had obviously never seen the book on which they based their account of events in Cambodia. Rather, like the bulk of the press, they selected what they wanted to believe. Citing Lacouture, they denounce the terror and barbarism of the Khmer Rouge, omitting his denunciation of the American attack. Lacouture does in fact compare the Khmer Rouge to the Nazis. He states that Ponchaud cites "telling articles" from a Cambodian Government newspaper and quotes a paragraph which states that "we will choose only the fruit that suit us perfectly," as distinct from the Vietnamese, who "have removed only the rotten fruit." Commenting on this passage, Lacouture states: "Perhaps Beria would not have dared to say this openly; Himmler might have done so." And he then concludes that the Cambodian revolution is "worthy of Nazi Gauleiters."

The newspaper report that elicited these judgments, on which the press uncritically relies, does appear in Ponchaud's book. The source, however, is not a Cambodian Government newspaper but a Thai newspaper, a considerable difference. The quoted paragraph was written by a Thai reporter who claims to have had an interview with a Khmer Rouge official. In his corrections, Lacouture notes the error, and adds that this Khmer Rouge official "said, as Ponchaud writes, that he found the revolutionary method of the Vietnamese 'very slow'. . . ." A more accurate statement would be that the Thai reporter *claims* that that is what was said—by now, a sufficiently remote chain of transmission to raise many doubts. How seriously would we regard a critical account of the United States in a book by a hostile European leftist based on a report in *Pravda* of a statement allegedly made by an unnamed American official? The analogy is precise. Why then should we rest any judgment on Ponchaud's account of a Thai report of an alleged statement by an unnamed Khmer Rouge official? What is certain is that the basis for Lacouture's accusations, cited above, disappears when the quotes are properly attributed: to a Thai reporter, not a Cambodian Government newspaper.

Lacouture's review contained other errors, as he notes in his corrections. Thus he attributed to "texts distributed in Phnom Penh" what in fact appear to be slogans remembered by refugees, again a rather considerable difference. None of the examples he quotes is specifically attributed by Ponchaud.

In his corrections, Lacouture raises the question whether precision on these matters is very important. "Faced with an enterprise as monstrous as the new Cambodian Government, should we see the main problem as one of deciding exactly which person uttered an inhuman phrase, and whether the regime has murdered thousands or hundreds of thousands of wretched people?" He adds that it hardly matters what were the exact numbers of the victims of Dachau or Katyn. Or perhaps, we may add, whether the victims of My Lai numbered in the hundreds or tens of thousands, if a factor of 100 is unimportant.

If, indeed, postwar Cambodia is, as he believes, similar to Nazi Germany, then his comment is perhaps just, though we may add that he has produced no evidence to support this judgment. But if postwar Cambodia is more similar to France after liberation, where many thousands of people were massacred within a few months under far less rigorous conditions than those left by the American war, then perhaps a rather different judgment is in order. That the latter conclusion may be more nearly correct is suggested by the analyses mentioned earlier.

We disagree with Lacouture's judgment on the importance of precision on this question. It seems to us quite important, at this point in our understanding, to distinguish between official government texts and memories of slogans reported by refugees, between the statement that the regime "boasts" of having "killed" 2 million people and the claim by Western sources that something like a million have died—particularly, when the bulk of these deaths are plausibly attributable to the United States. Similarly, it seems to us a very important question whether an "inhuman phrase" was uttered by a Thai reporter or a Khmer Rouge official. As for the numbers, it seems to us quite important to determine whether the number of collaborators massacred in France was on the order of thousands, or hundreds of thousands, and whether the French Government ordered and organized the massacre. Exactly such questions arise in the case of Cambodia.

We do not pretend to know where the truth lies amidst these sharply conflicting assessments; rather, we again want to emphasize some crucial points. What filters through to the American public is a seriously distorted version of the evidence available, emphasizing alleged Khmer Rouge atrocities and downplaying or ignoring the crucial U.S. role, direct and indirect, in the torment that Cambodia has suffered. Evidence that focuses on the American role, like the Hildebrand and Porter volume, is ignored, not on the basis of truthfulness or scholarship but because the message is unpalatable.

It is a fair generalization that the larger the number of deaths attributed to the Khmer Rouge, and the more the U.S. role is set aside, the larger the audience that will be reached. The Barron-Paul volume is a third-rate propaganda

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tract, but its exclusive focus on Communist terror assures it a huge audience. Ponchaud's far more substantial work has an anti-Communist bias and message, but it has attained stardom only via the extreme anti-Khmer Rouge distortions added to it in the article in *The New York Review of Books*. The last added the adequately large numbers executed and gave a "Left" authentication of Communist evil that assured a quantum leap to the mass audience unavailable to Hildebrand and Porter or to Carol Bragg. Contrary facts and even authors' corrections of misstatements are generally ignored or inadequately reported in favor of a useful lesson (we note one exception: an honest retraction of an editorial based on Lacouture in the *Boston Globe*). We noted earlier that the *Monitor* editorial and other press comments built on the Lacouture review offer at best a fourth-hand account. The chain of transmission runs from refugees (or Thai or U.S. officials), to Ponchaud, to *The New York Review*, to the press, where a mass audience is reached and "facts" are established that enter the approved version of history. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

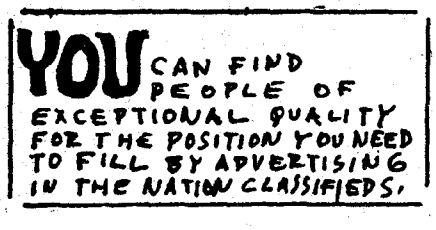
In the weeks since *Star Wars* opened (six theatres in the Greater New York area), the stock of 20th Century-Fox, its gratified distributor, has risen some eleven points, approximately doubling its value in an otherwise sluggish market. That's the sort of cause and effect that makes criticism irrelevant. However, to give you an idea—

Star Wars belongs to the sub-basement, or interstellar comic-strip, school of science fiction; *Terry and the Pirates* with astro-drive. The main participants are a princess in mortal peril, a splendid young Four-H type who is fated to rescue her, an irreverent free enterpriser with a space ship for hire, an aged mystic possessed of "the Force," and a gaggle of villains who, when they are not entirely encased in elegantly fitted plastic armor, look very much like extras borrowed from scenes of the Wehrmacht general staff plotting Hitlerian strategies. The princess (Carrie Fisher) is spunky and in both manner and hair style somewhat resembles the Gish sisters; the young knight (Mark Hamill) is not quite bright but adroit with machinery; the freebooter (Harrison Ford) talks with shocking cynicism out of the side of his mouth, but has an honest heart; and the old mystic, survivor of a chivalric order that combined stunning swordsmanship with the ability to transmit psychic force by telepathy, is played by Alec Guinness, which I thought the film's most remarkable surprise.

These human actors are consistently upstaged by a pair of robots—one of them, an electronic improvement on the Tin Woodsman, seems to have derived his stilted vocabulary and obsequious manners from the servants' quarters of *Upstairs, Downstairs*; the other, shaped rather like a canister vacuum cleaner, but without the hose, is possessed (like the mind reader in *The Thirty-Nine Steps*) of the secret information that is causing all the fireworks, speaks in beeps, whistles and blinking lights and is as emotionally vulnerable as a motherless child.

This is the sort of thing that will leach one's brain, and I suspect that George Lukas (the director previously of *American Graffiti*) concocted the plot and personages deliberately to put us all in a slack-jawed state of mind suitable for maximum appreciation of his astonishing cinematic trickery. The interior accommodations of the Death Star, ultimate weapon of the wicked galactic Empire; the moment when the space ship bursts through the speed of light; the instantaneous destruction of an entire planet; the stupendous climax when the fighter planes of the freedom-loving rebels go into action against the totalitarians (don't ask what *planes* are doing in airless space)—all these and much more are impeccably engineered, often beautiful in the manner of highly machined sculpture, and by means of cumulative suspense as gratifyingly exhausting as the chariot race in *Ben Hur*.

Years from now, long after the last bucket of popcorn has been eaten at the last neighborhood showing of *Star Wars*, film buffs will be regaling one another with recollections of their favorite scenes and persons: the frontier bar patronized by the offspring of improbable matings (I liked the elephant/crocodile); the entrapment within a huge garbage compacter (courtesy of Edgar Allan Poe); the duel with cold-light swords; the bombing run down a narrow chasm to the one vulnerable spot in the Death Star; the poignant falling out of the two robots in a *Beau Geste* stretch of desert; the amiable but quick-tempered 7-foot man/bear navigator of the space ship; the bustling litttle brown-habited dwarfs with flashlight eyes, who sell second-hand automatons from a cave in the wilderness and, of course, Luke Skywalker, the very fair-haired boy who discovers that he too possesses the Force. All in all, it is an outrageously successful, what will be called a "classic," compilation of nonsense, largely derived but thoroughly reconditioned. I doubt that anyone will ever match it, though the imitations must already be on the drawing boards. □



ADMISSION OF TWO

Old enough
to be brief and grant permission

they began
with each other again.

He admitted that for him

it was a yellow brick house
torn and crumbling
by the Indiana Turnpike

She said that for her

it was the swarming and separating
of pigeon flocks
on Houston Street.

Then he said that all along he had though

it was the morning for her
in the Southwest
when the car would not start

No she sighed
it was the swooping of those birds
between the buildings
on Houston Street.

Susan Baumann

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

The Paul Taylor Dance Company's one-week season in June at the City Center consisted of new repertory. All of the six dances except one were made since 1975, the year Taylor stopped dancing. Except for that older one (*West of Eden*, 1973), all of the dances are immensely popular, supporting the theory that Taylor's retirement from performance freed him to become a greater choreographer. No matter how much one would like to believe this theory for its refutation of the solipsistic theory of creation, the fact is that Tay-

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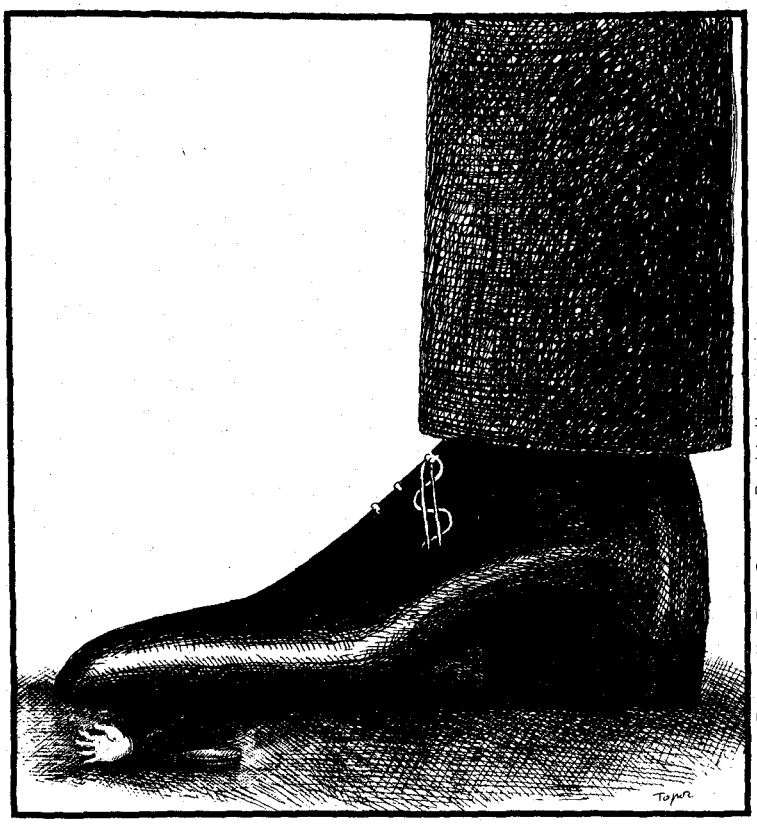

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lor has been creating lovely dances for some twenty years, and at a fairly consistent rate. He is probably the most pleasing of our modern dance choreographers, and the most reliable. Yet every time his company appears in New York, audiences seem to discover Taylor for the first time; underneath the warmth of their applause lies a promise: We won't forget you this time.

What the public forgets or perhaps, despite Taylor, has never learned, is that modern dance can be utterly genial, and as visually seductive as ballet. Since the links between Taylor's style and mainstream modern dance are abundantly apparent, it is indeed difficult to figure out why Taylor's work should be more ingratiating than anyone else's. One obvious distinction between him and others is that he uses music as a motor for dancing. Not only are his dances unusually rhythmic but the impetus to dance is readily understood; the music helps us empathize with the dancers' "need" to move. And the Taylor dancers move a lot. Jumps are as essential to Taylor as they are to Bournonville. Considering Taylor's passion for massive movement and modern dance's eschewal of fancy footwork, his choreography is remarkably allegro. The dancers move fast in defiance of the choreography's chunkiness and wayward propulsion, and this endows the dancing with aspects of virtuosity. The visual interest of Taylor's work is more elusive, but I think it has something to do with the principle of opposition, transposed from painted to live bodies. The pelvis lunges one way; the torso and shoulders corkscrew back. Equilibrium is sustained through perpetual motion. The dancers extricate themselves from one extreme position by plunging or dipping into another, "other-sided" one. As long as they keep moving, they're all right. This law of physics Taylor turns into a law of entertainment.

Dance as an entertainment is an aesthetic adhered to by Taylor and by precious few others. It's that philosophy, I think, more than the nuts and bolts of style that accounts for the tonal buoyancy of Taylor's work. This quality of nonserious seriousness is hard to get at with Taylor. Merce Cunningham delivers it through whimsical non sequiturs; Twyla Tharp through irony; Frederick Ashton through a not so simple simplicity. Taylor's sleight of hand has neither the stimulating tensions of the other choreographers nor their flaws—Cunningham's feyness, Tharp's fear to face her audience squarely, Ashton's banality. Taylor's manifests itself in content.

Taylor has always loved the grotesque, but only with him is grotesquerie lovable. Step for step, the one world première of the season, *Dust*, is not as interesting as any of the other dances in the current repertory, but its "story," a virtual parade of physical affliction and deformity, elucidates the dance-as-entertainment aesthetic better than any other. Through a spirit of detached let's pretend, Taylor makes arthritis, blindness, scabies, rickets, nervous disorders and tumors utterly delectable. Echoes of Breughel and the mock heroic, mock symphonic, mock lyrical nature of Poulenc's *Concert Champêtre* are perfec accomplices to Taylor's scheme, but th most potent clue to the spirit of *Dust* i internal—Taylor's own *Three Epitaphs* made in 1956 and still possibly his bes dance. The quotation from *Three Epi taphs*, placed at the back corner of the stage, is the first thing we see in *Dust*: three silhouettes, their limbs sharply akimbo and discombobulated, their backs slumped over. The image is at once sad sack and witty, impossibly perverse in outline yet sweet in its composure. We might pity the figures' crumpled façades were it not so obviously a façade being presented to us. The wry distance thus wedged between performers and audience carries over into the foreground's activity, where prone hunks of limbs are desperately shaking off the itches. We watch their spasms with the same gore-lust pleasure children take in their experiments with live animals, except that Taylor transforms sadism into humor by imposing on the whole dance the glittery sheen of a ballad. Each *danse macabre* becomes a stanza; the skittery, rhythmically souped-up gyrations that link one episode to the next become the refrain. Taylor's use of such a traditional and formal form as the ballad further objectifies grizzliness into time-honored emblems of disease. The dancers don their dangling arms and broken backs as the tragedian dons his Pierrot mask. *Dust* ends with the cripples hobbling into a picture-perfect configuration. One doesn't know which is the prettier—the hobbles or the final pose—but I find it delightful that these decrepit creatures fade out with such calculated finesse.

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In another new work, *Images*, Taylor again alights playfully on heavy territory. *Images* reproduces in a nice, easy-going way the pantheistic spirit and physical shapes of human bodies as gleaned from artifacts of ancient Mediterranean culture. Gene Moore has designed stunning costumes—for the men, black briefs decorated with thick gold twine; for the women, long slim skirts in multicolored squares. Curlicued black bodices dip around and under the women's breasts, so as to make a little fete over naked nipples. Taylor's choreography is equally sympathetic and celebratory. How could the Mediterranean fail, one might ask. Then again, how is it that others have been seduced by the period only to beat it to death? Taylor treads lightly on the past because he works through his own vocabulary. Almost all of *Images*' Greek-Cretan-Minoan-Egyptian steps were duplicated in other dances on the program; for this one, Taylor had only to make a few adjustments. The dancers rarely move in full face. The emphasis of each phrase falls on the body's geometry in space rather than on it's flow through space. The peril of this method is staginess and, in fact, the Prelude, in which the group is clustered like flower petals, threatens a surfeit of stunningness. But when the petals blow away in knee rolls and flat-footed runs, the threat is dispelled: *Images* has as much muscle as artifice. The Prelude dissolves into a suite of dances for powerful, sleek birds; frisky dolphins (via clicking heels and snaky lines); and prancing horses (Taylor is too common-sensical to invent an equivalent for prancing; they prance). The section called Antique Cortège is the most archeological, but the literal-minded way in which Taylor animates the figures on Greek vases is its saving grace. It is what it is. The explicitly mimetic gestures of the woman who dances the Oracle is more than a saving grace. It is precisely by undercutting portentous subject matter with surface gesture that Taylor's capacity for nonserious seriousness is most endearingly revealed, his sophistication most vividly rendered. On the same grounds, one may guess that Taylor included a duet in this suite not for its thematic connections, of which I could see none, but for reasons of compositional balance. Every dance needs a duet. The title of this one, Moon Reflections, is handsome, and so is the dance. *Images* ends as a rewind of the beginning, but so as not to be too comfy veers off in a new direction as the curtain falls. The petals of the flower spin back in, recluster into original formation and dart off again, leaving one couple in copulative embrace.

Images takes its title from the music to which it is danced, selections from Debussy's *Images*. The gentle austerity of Taylor's linear designs is in lovely complement with Debussy's piano music, but harmonious resonances don't end here. *Images* rests on a double conceit. The first is obviously a play on the connections between original art and Taylor's reproduction of it. The second is between Taylor and Nijinsky, who found in Debussy the perfect partner with whom he could return to pre-classic (and by stroke of genius, harbinger post-classic) forms. The latter connection endows *Images* with a beguiling rhetorical question. Was Taylor conscious of it when he made *Images*, or is the coincidence a happy accident? Taylor teases us with the same question in *Esplanade*, part of which uses the same Bach that Balanchine used in *Concerto Barocco*. In *Esplanade*, however, the question is not raised so innocently or resolved so comfortably. Of course Taylor knew what he was doing, and of course this particular recycling of history is overweening. Although *Esplanade* would probably win a popularity contest, and in certain ways deserves to, I find it the only irksome dance in Taylor's repertory. *Polaris*, the third local première this season, strikes me as an honest failure. The dance is done twice. Second time round music, lighting, and cast of dancers change. An overt experiment in perception, the very experimentation of the situation distracts us from the dance itself. One watches the dancers with a scorecard in hand, which is not the most pleasurable or ultimately edifying way to perceive dancing. □

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

WEILL: Various works. Soloists; London Sinfonietta; David Atherton, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2709 064. $23.94 (three discs).

A fully focused profile of Kurt Weill's achievements still remains out of reach, for important works from both the German and American periods of his career are not readily available. For the years 1924-29, at least, this compendium fills in some gaps, leading us into the years with Brecht though not beyond. The

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grotesque pantomime from *Der Protagonist* (1926, a one-act opera with Georg Kaiser); the "trial run" version of the *Mahagonny* songs, the *Mahagonny Songspiel* (1927); the somber cantata *Vom Tod im Walde* (1927); and the radio cantata, *Das Berliner Requiem* (1929), haven't been recorded before, while the 1924 Violin Concerto, restlessly balancing the solo instrument's sentimental urges against the dryness of the wind orchestra, is not otherwise available.

Less obviously necessary were recordings of the *Kleine Dreigroschenmusik* (the suite from the *Dreigroschenoper*) and the *Happy End* songs, in which the soloists, though successful in the heroic task of not imitating Lotte Lenya, don't achieve a valid alternative style. The shortfall is particularly obvious by comparison with the current Chelsea Theatre Center production, which offers models of appropriately vivid, edgy delivery: Meryl Streep, in the "Sailors' Tango" and "Surabaya Johnny," manages to be beguilingly musical and unfailingly theatrical without ever summoning up the threatening aural image of her great predecessor—a really enchanting performance, well matched by her colleagues. (A recording of this production, in Michael Feingold's stylish, apparently effortless translation, lovingly conducted by Roland Gagnon, would be a real contribution.) Since the sequence of songs from *Happy End* that David Drew has devised for the Deutsche Grammophon recording omits the "Bilbao Song," admirers of this subtle score—arguably richer, more at ease in its idiom, than the *Dreigroschenoper*—will have to consult the Lenya recording anyway (Columbia Special Products COS 2032).

Weill resolutely refuses to fit any of the standard pigeonholes of "style" constructed to contain the first half of this century. My guess is that when enough works are known, there will just have to be a new pigeonhole for the man Virgil Thomson described in 1950—from knowledge of more of the music than most of us know—as "probably the most original single workman in the whole musical theatre, internationally considered, during the last quarter-century." This album, embellished with David Drew's thorough, searching annotations and with appropriate excerpts from Weill's own writings, is a step in the right direction. But we need to know more of the non-Brecht Weill (all of *Der Protagonist*, and especially *Die Bürgschaft* and *Der Silbersee*), as well as more of the American scores; now there is a challenge for the record industry in Germany and here, and for our musical theatre institutions.

MOZART: Mass in C minor, K. 139 (*"Waisenhausmesse"*). Gundula Janowitz, Frederica von Stade, Wieslaw Ochmann, Kurt Moll; Vienna State Opera Concert Chorus; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Claudio Abbado, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2530-777. $7.98.

Short-breathed, in the manner of its period (1768), the "Orphanage Mass" nevertheless musters considerable energy and expressivity—pretty good work for a 12-year-old, in fact, if not to be compared with Mozart's later efforts in the form (let alone Haydn's). Barring a few shaky solo spots, the performance is really exemplary, aiming for just the right weight, never offering more stress than the work will bear.

OFFENBACH: *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*. Régine Crespin, Mady Mesplé, Alain Vanzo, Charles Burlès, Robert Massard. Chorus and Orchestra of the Capitole, Toulouse; Michel Plasson, cond. Columbia M2 34576. $13.98 (two discs).

The libretto of Meilhac and Halévy takes aim at militarism, and Offenbach's complementary target centers on the clichés of military music, buoyantly reduced to a specific gravity suitable for the principality of Gérolstein, where the ruler's primary interest in the army is amorous. Régine Crespin characterizes this lady with so much warmth and brio, especially in the spoken dialogue, that one is inclined to overlook a persistent tremolo in her singing. The others are expert of voice as well as style. The accompanying libretto doesn't always clarify what is going on in ensembles, repetitions, and similar complexities, but that doesn't greatly detract from the considerable auditory pleasure.

PROKOFIEV: *The Gambler*. Soloists, Chorus, and Orchestra of the All-Union Radio; Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, cond. Columbia M3 34579. $20.98 (three discs).

For many, this mordant, feverish opera of 1917, revised in 1927-28, was the musical discovery of the Bolshoi Opera's 1975 visit to America. Rozhdestvensky's brilliant pacing of this 1963 radio performance (in fact, the work's Russian première) is even superior to the excellent Bolshoi performances. Highly recommended.

STRAUSS: *Ein Heldenleben*. Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York; Willem Mengelberg, conductor RCA Victrola AVMI 2019. $3.98 (mono recorded 1928).

I don't know any other half-century-old recording that sounds this well—certainly not Strauss's own recordings, which I reviewed in these columns not long ago. The Philharmonic of those days was clearly a noble instrument, reveling with Mengelberg (the score's dedicatee) in overcoming the hurdles Strauss had conducted. This self-congratulatory extravaganza has been often played well since, but never better. □

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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1684

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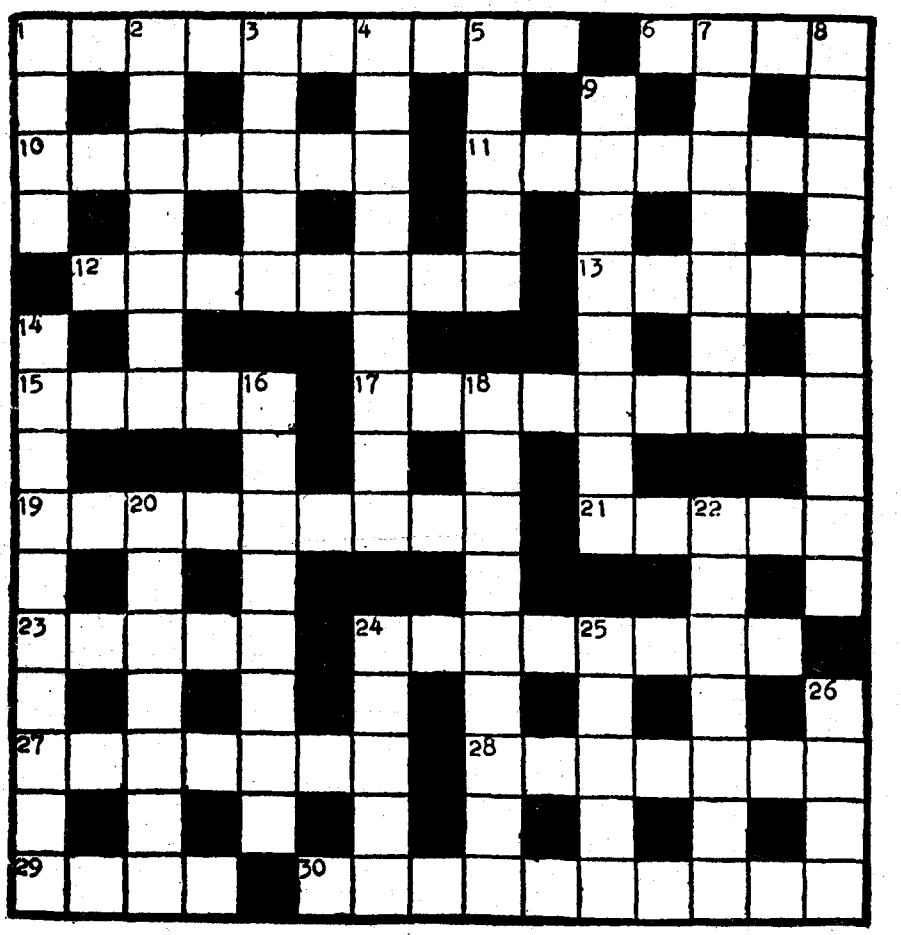
Crossword Puzzle No. 1685

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Sounds as though the ones who have gone can still perceive what should be salty. (3,4,3)
6 and 22 down Looking out only for one's own interest, it suggests the excuse might be "I'm searching for the real me!" (4-7)
10 Left the light on? That's one way to make 12. (7)
11 He acquires what is known as dash in some countries, but may be only trying to add an extra branch. (7)
12 Imagines what began to move somewhat before the turn of the century. (8)
13 A healthy drink, or just another part of breakfast? (5)
15 Possibly a muff associated with diamonds. (5)
17 Relating to the account you might hold to a candle. (9)
19 Those that subscribe, offer argument. (4,5)
23 and 21 Classic examples might be familiar with the air of Italy. (5,5)
24 A doctor in the service, perhaps, noticed such as the radii. (8)
27 They're on father's side of the family as agents, a little disguised. (7)
28 OK by you, if you do at first? (7)
29 Don't eat quickly! (4)
30 What Paul expected them to do in church? (One or two would have made quite a difference in direction, you might see by it.) (10)

DOWN

1 Record broken by the leading sprinter. (4)
2 More like a worm-catching bird, a bad liar is always surrounded, as the poet might say. (7)
3 A bird to feel sorry for, with head cut off. (5)
4 Obviously they could never be nightmares! (9)
5 Moves gradually with such advantages. (5)
7 Draw out flavor with it, possibly. (7)
8 Freshman, at college? Very good! (5,5)
9 Mothers get to put on something we haven't seen for ages! (8)
14 Such old-fashioned euphemism implies the worst part of marriage for the man. (6,4)
16 As a rule, with the tie broken, you might find another match will do it. (8)
18 It has a small flower, but should grow high. (9)
20 No longer exclusively oriental habits. (7)
22 See 6 across
24 This is always, at least in part, obtained from agave. (5)
25 Bay window originating in Loire. (5)
26 The receiver of payment for some drinks and cigarettes. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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1. **What part of your face is the best at sending emotional messages?**
(a) Eyes; (b) Mouth; (c) Forehead; (d) Combination
2. **Why do the rich usually marry each other?**
(a) Financial reasons; (b) How they're brought up; (c) Less divorce; (d) All classes tend to marry peers
3. **What is the sexual secret of marijuana?**
(a) It increases potency; (b) It affects males more than females; (c) It reduces sensuality; (d) It does nothing
4. **How do most people react to personal tragedy?**
(a) Seek professional help; (b) Turn to religion; (c) Escape through drugs or drink; (d) Adjust and work it out
5. **When should your children stop sleeping with you?**
(a) 1-2 years old; (b) 3-6 years old; (c) Whenever seems natural; (d) They should never sleep with you
6. **What type of men have the most problems dealing with liberated women?**
(a) Bachelors; (b) Insecure, introverted; (c) Divorced; (d) Family oriented
7. **What do your dreams indicate?**
(a) You are justifying your behavior; (b) You ate something disagreeable; (c) You lack other adequate emotional outlets; (d) You have an active imagination.
8. **Are minority athletes treated with kid gloves?**
(a) In most cases; (b) They are treated like everyone; (c) They are treated worse; (d) Depends on their ability
9. **Which of these types is most likely to be a political assassin?**
(a) Political activist; (b) Small, asocial dropout; (c) Person with a history of violence; (d) Physically active
10. **Does an active premarital sex life decrease your appetite for a monogamous relationship?**
(a) Depends on the number of relationships; (b) Depends on types of relationships; (c) Commitment grows with each new relationship; (d) Sexual permissiveness often leads to emotional paralysis

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